JUNE 1960 FATE TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN Vol. 13—No. 6 Issue 123

FATE

MAGAZINE

PDC

June 1960

35c

TRUE STORIES OF
THE STRANGE AND
THE UNKNOWN

Articles

Do You Still Believe In Flying Saucers?
Frank Edwards 27

Can Thoughts Have Form?
Nicholas Mamontoff 41

On The Trail Of The Sasquatch
Stephen Franklin 54

The Pottery Went A-Dancing
Harlan Wilson 71

Twelve Who Saw Christ
A. Millward 80

Asiatic Rock Carvings In America?
Rex Eidson 88

Stories

Prayer Cured My Cancer
Florence H. Sutter 35

Whatever Became Of Eddie Carnevon?
Rayn Shawk 64

My Guests From Beyond
Patricia Arbatch 75

I Owe My Life To A Dog
J. P. J. Chapman 82

Unholy Well Water
W. J. Brands 85

PLUS . . .
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Are Fireballs Interstellar Visitors? . . . Latest News . . . The Man Who Fled The Devil . . . My Proof Of Survival . . . New Books . . .

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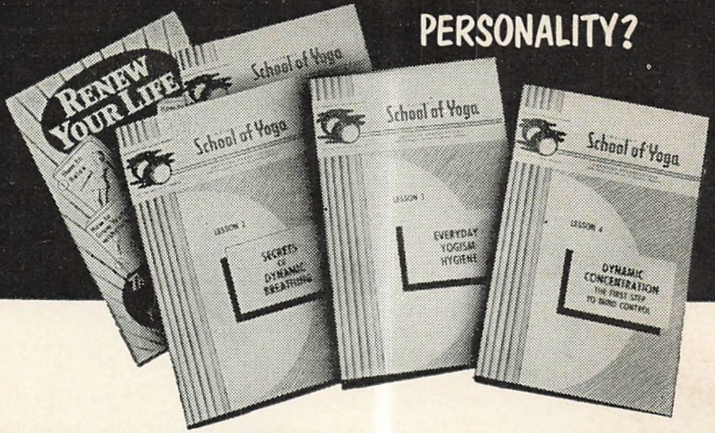
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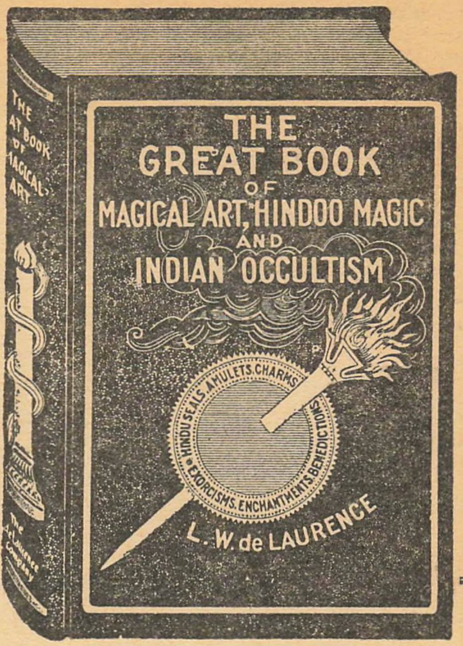
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Contents

FATE

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ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Do You Still Believe In Flying Saucers? .... *Frank Edwards* 27
Can Thoughts Have Form? .... *Nicholas Mamontoff* 41
On The Trail Of The Sasquatch .... *Stephen Franklin* 54
The Pottery Went A-Dancing .... *Harlan Wilson* 71
Twelve Who Saw Christ .... *A. Millward* 80
Asiatic Rock Carvings In America? .... *Rex Eidson* 88

STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

Prayer Cured My Cancer .... *Florence H. Sutter* 35
Whatever Became Of Eddie Carnevon? .... *Rayn Shawk* 64
My Guests From Beyond .... *Patricia Arbatch* 75
I Owe My Life To A Dog .... *J. P. J. Chapman* 82
Unholy Well Water .... *W. J. Brands* 85

FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

I See By The Papers .... *Curtis Fuller* 6
Are Fireballs Interstellar Visitors? 34
True Mystic Experiences .... *The Readers* 47
The Medium And The Missing Judge 53
Birth Of General Lee .... *J. B. Clark* 63
Murderous Miracle Cure 70
The Man Who Fled The Devil 81
Mystery Of The Shining Cross 84
Four-Year-Old Genius .... *David Gunston* 87
My Proof Of Survival .... *The Readers* 93
New Books 101
Report From The Readers .... *The Readers* 109

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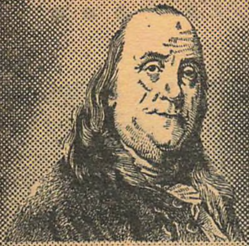

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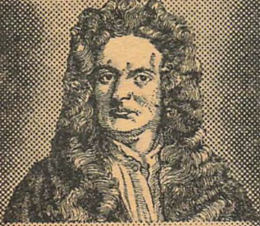
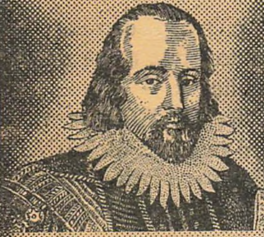


Isaac Newton



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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

According to experts, the three most difficult words to pronounce are "I was mistaken."

—H. C. Diefenbach, as quoted
by Columnist Earl Wilson

ARE UFO's "serious business?" Out of one side of its mouth the United States Air Force says that they are and out of the other side that they are not.

The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena revealed late in February that new regulations issued by the Air Force Inspector General on December 24 had warned Air Force commands to treat sightings of UFO's as "serious business" directly related to the nation's defenses.

The Air Force has confirmed the existence of the directive and the Inspector General has been quoted by NICAP as stating:

"Unidentified Flying Objects—sometimes treated lightly by the press and referred to as 'flying saucers'—must be rapidly and accurately identified as serious USAF business . . .

"Air Force concern with these sightings is threefold. First of all, is the object a threat to the defense of the U.S.? Secondly, does it contribute to technical or scientific knowledge?"

The third point, according to NICAP is how to explain the sightings to the public.

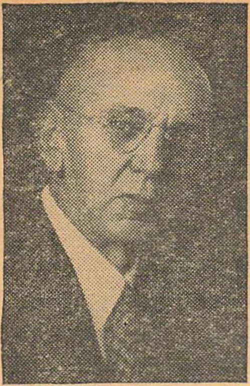
Vice Adm. R. H. Hillenkoetter (Ret.), a board member of NICAP and former director of the Central Intelligence Agency, called for a Congressional hearing.

NICAP publicly charged the Air Force with deception and Admiral Hillenkoetter declared it's time for the truth to be brought out.

◆

THE OTHER SIDE OF ITS MOUTH

WHILE THE Air Force was publicly admitting the exist-



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ence of the directive issued two months before, a fact sheet on UFO evaluations took quite a different tack.

On February 5 the AF said: "After 13 years of investigating and evaluating unidentified flying object sightings, the United States Air Force has found no evidence to confirm the existence of the popularly termed flying saucers as interplanetary or interstellar space ships."

In the five months between July 1, 1959, and December 1, 1959, the Air Force analyzed 167 cases, only four of which it listed as "unidentified." However, 70 cases or 41.92% of the total were listed as "Insufficent Data", half of these because there were no supporting witnesses.

"Air Force conclusions for the 13 years of UFO sightings involving over 6,000 reports are: first, there is no evidence that unidentified sightings are inimical or hostile; second, there is no evidence that these unidentified sightings are interplanetary space ships; third, there is no evidence that these unidentified sightings represented technological developments or principles outside the range of our present day scientific knowledge; fourth, there is no evidence that these unidentified sightings are a threat to the security of the country; and finally, no physical or material evidence, not even a minute fragment of a so-called 'flying saucer', has ever been found."

All of which seems to disagree with the statement of the acting inspector general, Maj. Gen. Richard E. O'Keefe, to NICAP.

◆

EXCITING DAYS

WHILE CONVENTIONAL men go about denying the possibility af "flying saucers" our scientists are preparnig for voyages into Space and learning new facts about how things are up there that surely seem as fantastic as UFO's.

Two U.S. scientists recently reported to the first International Space Science Symposium in Nice, France, that despite all claims to the contrary over the years, our Moon does indeed have an atmosphere. Its atmosphere is cold neutral hydrogen and minute quantities of argon. Both are produced by protons in the solar wind bombarding the moon's surface. Very thin, but it's there.

Despite proof of great belts of lethal radiation surrounding our Earth, a trip to the Moon is definitely possible in the 1960's. In fact, this prediction was made recently by Brig. Gen. Irving L. Branch, director of the development of aircraft reactor engines in the Atomic Energy Commission. General Branch proposes an accelerated program whereby nuclear rockets will be available before conven-

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tional chemically-fueled rockets.

Nevertheless, there is an increasing view among scientists that the radiation in space, confirmed by the artificial satellites, presents so serious a hazard that it will rule out feasible interplanetary flight. No one doubts now that we will have the power to get up there. But maybe "up there" is jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

◆

MORE EXCITEMENT

THE PARIS Observatory had just announced that the Earth has slowed down in the past five months when Radio Moscow came out with two more sensations: Outer Space is multicolored, and the Russians have found a new planet in our solar system!

Now the slowing up of the Earth isn't very much. Prof. Andre Danjon, director of the Paris Observatory, figures that in a recent five month period each day has been about one-thousandth of a second longer. This has no practical consequence on human life but might be important for science. However, a progressive slowing up, amounting to a difference of one second every two years, could make the year six days longer in a million years. In terms of geological time that would be a tremendous difference.

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As for outer space, the Soviets claim it is not a black void as everyone has always thought but "a very bright and colorful rainbow, because interplanetary gas shines with a multicolored light, while thousands of millions of stars shine through it, forming almost solid-looking pinky gold or dazzling white shapes."

* * *

More important than the colors of space is the Soviet claim that Russian astronomers have discovered a new planet wheeling far out around the sun. Hitherto, Pluto has been believed to be the outermost planet, three-and-one-half billion miles out from the sun.

It may be that the Russian announcement is premature. The newspaper *Kazakhstan Pravda* reports that the planet was first detected by accident in 1957 while photographing stars in the constellation Capricorn and that subsequent studies have confirmed it. Studies may have confirmed it but Moscow so far has not.

◆

FLOATING MUCK

LAST WINTER, the British liner *Corinthic* put into Pitcairn Island in the Pacific Ocean en route to New Zealand. Shortly after leaving Pitcairn, the big 15,682-ton ship encountered a strange mass of muck floating on the surface of

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the ocean. For nearly 900 miles—a trip lasting three or four days—the *Corinthic* forced its way through the floating stuff.

Capt. A. C. Jones described the material when his ship landed at Wellington, N.Z. The substance was honey-colored, soft, and of a jelly-like or "silky" consistency. Some pieces were several feet square but most was broken into small fragments.

Jones thought the muck may have been caused by a big submarine upheaval and might be something like pumice. What it really was at this point we don't know.

◆

SUNKEN ISLAND

AROUND 8,000 years ago, when the levels of the oceans were lower than they are now, there was a 25-square-mile island sticking out of the South Atlantic about 550 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope. But as the oceans gradually rose the island sank and today its platform top is about 210 feet below the ocean's surface, though one knob rises to within 120 feet of the top.

This is especially interesting because there aren't supposed to be any islands in this area, even sunken ones. But Columbia University scientists have confirmed its existence, confirmed the fact that its top is covered with coral, and that it rises from ocean depths of 15,980 feet.

◆

GOOD OLD EARTH

YOU CAN rest easy, folks, the old earth is pretty solid after all, even though an occasional earthquake may wreak disaster in some city like Agadir.

Dr. John A. O'Keefe of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration recently reported that the Earth is solid down to its core—about 1,800 miles below the surface. That 1,800 miles is about as strong as a brick—stronger than previously believed.

Of course, nobody has been down there to see how strong the foundations are, but Dr. O'Keefe has figured it out based upon calculations accounting for the newly discovered slight pear shape of the Earth, along with revised calculations of how much it bulges at the equator and is flattened at the poles.

◆

WHERE OIL COMES FROM

NOW HERE'S an interesting theory about the origins of petroleum—something about which scientists have argued for a long time. Petroleum was long thought to come from the remains of tiny sea creatures that rained down upon the ocean floor and were covered with mud and then squeezed down

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into oil. But recent chemical discoveries suggest that petroleum came from land plants rather than sea creatures.

Dr. Frits W. Went has suggested to the National Academy of Sciences that petroleum comes from the volatile elements given off by aromatic plants that are returned to the earth by rain and deposited in the silts and clays of lake bottoms and river mouths.

The blue haze seen over growing areas—especially over places like pine forests—consists in large part of volatile hydrocarbons according to Dr. Went. Analyses indicate that the sagebrush in our Western states produces a million tons of airborne material each year. The world's pine forests are figured to produce 50 million tons a year, and all the world's vegetation is estimated to produce 157 million tons.

Dr. Went reasons that this stuff has to go somewhere. If it remained in the air, after a million years the mixture would be explosive—as some pine forests are said to be. According to Dr. Went's theory it's all being washed out of the air by rainstorms and accumulating in future petroleum pools.

◆

SOVIETS AT WORK

A SOVIET scientist has suggested that the Biblical cities of Sodom and Gomorrah may have been

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destroyed by a nuclear explosion set off by invaders from outer space.

M. Agrest, identified as a master of physicomathematical sciences, advanced the theory in a magazine called the *Literary Gazette*. His article purported to be a serious account and was transmitted in detail by the Soviet news agency *Tass*.

Agrest declared that before the dawn of history Earth may have been visited by space travelers from other planets. Maybe he suggests, a gigantic space ship approached and braked for a landing. Such a landing may have been in the area of the Baalbek Terrace, a platform of huge stone slabs in the Anti-Lebanon mountains of Syria—or these slabs may have been constructed as a launching platform by the space invaders. According to Agrest, no one has satisfactorily explained the existence of the Baalbek Terrace.

Agrest then turns his attention to the Dead Sea scrolls recently found in the area adjoining these Lebanese mountains. He writes:

"The description they gave of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah cannot help attract the attention of modern men who are familiar with nuclear physics. In

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modern language, this legend says that people were advised to leave the area of the future explosion, not to linger in the open, not to watch the blast. Those of the fugitives who looked back lost their eyesight and perished."

Agrest suggests that the space travelers exploded their excess stock of nuclear fuel before leaving earth after having warned the local population in advance.

We on FATE Magazine attempted and are still attempting to obtain a complete copy of Agrest's article but word from our Moscow representative is that all copies of the issue of the *Literary Gazette* containing the article were withdrawn from circulation and none are obtainable. Apparently Soviet authorities have dropped a complete censorship curtain over this theory. U.S. scientists do not take it seriously.

◆

HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE

LAST MONTH we referred to Operation Moonwatch and its warning about "unidentified" satellites. Unfortunately, it takes so long from the time we write this column to the time readers receive it, that many things may happen to make it out of date.

We wrote our warning about the "unidentified satellites" late in January. On February 10 U.S. tracking stations detected one unidentified satellite circling the earth on a Polar orbit. As we write this, it has not been identified.

The announcement said the object had been under observation for "a long time" which is what may have prompted the warning from Moonwatch Headquarters we quoted last month.

Quite a bit is known about the mystery satellite. It is smaller than the six carrier rockets used to place Air Force *Discoverer* satellites into polar orbits. Its orbit is highly elliptical, varying from 1,074 miles at apogee to 134 miles at perigee. It circles the earth every 104.5 minutes. It appears to be tumbling end over end. It will remain in orbit for several months.

The Soviets deny it is theirs, but some U.S. scientists believe it may be the final stage of the Soviet Union's third lunar rocket.

◆

MYSTIC OF TEKTITES

TEKTITES are glass-like fragments found in huge "fields" covering portions of the Earth. Their origin is so far unknown. One tektite field covers nearly all of Australia. Another is found in Georgia in the United States.

Each field of tektites differs from most other fields in composition, but the tektites within the same field are similar. Those in Georgia

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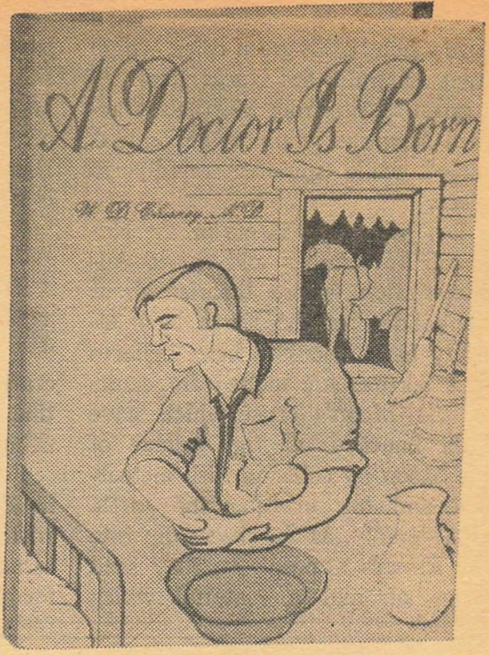

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have a rich bottle-green color. Those from Australia are black. Recently a green tektite from Martha's Vineyard suggested a saucer shape that cooled while spinning rapidly in space.

Dr. John A. O'Keefe of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, whose theories about the solidity of the Earth have already been discussed here, believes that tektites are melted fragments of the Moon's crust which have been knocked off the surface of the Moon by collision with meteorites and are orbiting the earth. Occasionally, as the pieces dip into the Earth's atmosphere, they shed drops of molten material which harden in their fall, becoming tektites. The larger fields of tektites, he believes, result from big chunks of the Moon's crust falling on Earth. The Moon itself, he believes, is streaked with tektites.

◆

THE SUBS THAT GOT AWAY

EITHER THERE are submarines far faster than surface craft lurking mysteriously in Argentine waters—or there are other things.

For more than two weeks early in February, the Argentine Navy, with the help of U.S. experts, alternately depth bombed and called for surrender of submarines believed

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lying in the bottom of Golfo Nuevo, a 40 by 20-mile bay separated from the South Atlantic by a narrow entrance.

Several times the Argentines announced that the mystery subs were trapped. Another time they announced that one had been crippled.

The subs had peculiar characteristics. They were able to operate in the narrow gulf many days without surfacing. They were able to outrun and hide from surface ships. And despite the fact that modern U.S. sub-hunting equipment was dispatched to help the Argentine fleet run down the invaders, both subs apparently escaped completely.

Skeptics of the Argentine announcements have offered two explanations for this mystery. One is that the supposed subs were "something else"—what they do not know, maybe even an underwater UFO. The other theory is that the Argentine Navy periodically goes on mad submarine hunts—coincidentally timed with the consideration of the new Navy budget by the Argentine Congress.

◆

WHAT, MORE MONSTERS?

IT'S HIGH TIME to stop talking about science and get down to some real monster reports.

Police at Molfetta, Italy, in midwinter were searching caves and

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other possible hiding places for a flying "monster" reported by fishermen and farmers. It is a huge, bird-like creature with a wingspan of at least 13 feet. The first man to report it was a soldier who saw it on the roof of a small hut. The "monster" flew away while the soldier ran off to tell police.

A game warden in Nyasaland has photographed a creature "black and very shaggy, heavily-built with a bear-like gait." No one had identified it at press time.

A mysterious monster-type animal has been terrorizing animals in Chiapas, Mexico's southernmost state. It is described as a long-tailed animal, hurling trees and boulders. At last reports, no injuries.

◆

POSTCRIPTS

JUST FOR the record, John Bryks, a farmer of St. Michael's district northeast of Edmonton, Alberta, found thousands of small fish in his field of wheat and oat stalks late in December. They were all identified as five-spined sticklebacks, a common fish but one little given to flying about grain fields in Canada in the winter.

* * *

DO YOU remember the mystery of station KLEE? The signals of KLEE showed up on a number of English television sets in September of 1953. Here was a first class mystery because KLEE was a station in Houston, Tex., that went out of business in July, 1950. Important research was done on the problem. One of those interested was F. D. Drake, associate astronomer at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Va. Green Bank, as you know, is trying to make radio contact with life in other planetary systems, and one of the possibilities was that the KLEE signals had been rebroadcast by other intelligences in space.

But now it appears that the mystery of KLEE call letters appearing three years late has been solved by Drake. According to Charlotte Phelan, writing in the Sunday *Houston Post* on February 14, 1960, an "aged inventor in England" had faked the signal and actually transmitted a copy of a station identification card. Details, including the name of the "aged inventor", are curiously lacking.

* * *

ANOTHER apparent mystery of long standing was also cleared up during February. The bodies of five of the nine crewmen of the World War II bomber *Lady Be Good* were found in the Libyan Desert nearly 17 years after the crewmen were lost. The nearly intact bomber, complete with full water jugs, was found about a year

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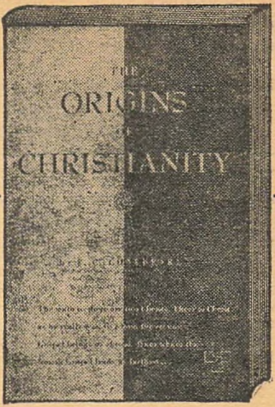

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ago. With the bodies was the diary of Lieut. Robert F. Toner, one of the victims. It disclosed that the men had overflown their base after being in a strong tail wind and had bailed out rather than risk landing on the desert at night. Then they simply had died of the heat and lack of water in eight days.

◆

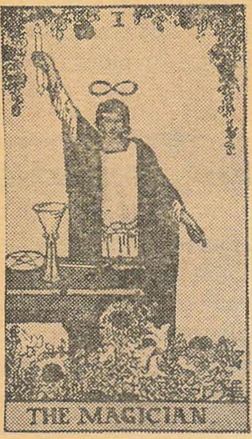
GAS PLANT

LEVIE RICHARDS of 966 Valley Street, Union, N.J., has a problem. His heating plant manufactures gas. Richards has a 10-room, two-story house heated with a gas-hot water system. First time he discovered the peculiarity of his plant he was venting a radiator while smoking. There was a bang and the entire side of the room was a sheet of flame.

Nothing seemed to solve this problem. The fire department checked and drained off some grayish murky water from the radiator which was taken to a laboratory for analysis.

The gas company men did their own check and found the gas coming from the radiator all right, but they said it wasn't their gas since they use a natural gas that is 99 per cent methane.

The gas company utilization manager said he had heard of another case where the components of water—hydrogen and oxygen—



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were separated by an electrolytic action in the radiator.

Last we heard, the heating system was still manufacturing gas and threatening to blow the place up.

◆

EXORCISM IN HONG KONG

IN 1918, nearly 2,000 Chinese were burned or crushed to death in a fire which destroyed the wood and bamboo grandstand of the Happy Valley race track. Since then, Chinese have hesitated to live in the vicinity because of their fear of ghosts. Rentals there have been lower than in other parts of the colony.

In recent years there have been a series of riding accidents climaxed by the recent death of Marcel Samarcq, a French rider, killed there on January 2.

Samarcq's death began to worry the riders and the track workers. Recently they sought the aid of nearly 50 Buddhist monks who gathered at the track and held a three-day exorcism service.

A Buddhist official said, "We hope that the ghosts will no longer seek vengeance by causing further accidents."

◆

PONTIAC'S SHAKING BED

IT WAS early Monday afternoon, February 1, when Mrs. Albert

Kleino of Pontiac, Mich., noticed that her bed had the shakes. She just had laid some newly pressed laundry on it. The laundry started to vibrate.

Daughter Christine, 17, saw the bed still jumping when she got home from school that day. So did Mr. Kleino and son Dean, 21.

A policeman answered Kleino's call, took one look and called for reinforcements. The fire department came. The bed kept vibrating. They moved it. It kept right on vibrating.

Then the officer got a happy thought. "Let's take it apart," he said. The bed stopped vibrating. Firemen took it apart anyway. Nothing special there! But when they put it back together again, the shaking resumed.

Suddenly the shaking stopped. At last report it hadn't resumed.

◆

STRANGE LIGHTS AND ROUND OBJECTS

EVERETT, WASH., October 9—A bright white light, turning slightly blue toward dawn, was visible in the skies over Snohomish County from 2:00 A.M. to 5:55 A.M. today. It looked like an automobile headlamp and moved north at dawn. It was the second similar sighting of the week.

—Curtis Fuller

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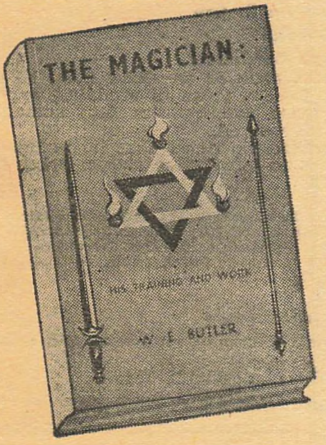
By W. E. Butler



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Foreword by Dr. Jean Bordeaux

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The reader of this book must begin to realize the riches that lie in this vast sub-continent, "the sub-conscious." Our task is to mine these riches, bring them to the surface, and use them for fuller living.

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Typical of the twaddle showered on the American public is an article from the spring issue of *What's New* published by the Abbott Laboratories of Chicago. Entitled "The Delusion of the Flying Saucer" the article is a reprint from an October, 1958, medical magazine and was written by Joost A.M. Merloo who is not further identified, for which he should be forever grateful.

His two opening paragraphs are outright falsehoods.

He writes: "The moment the Russians sent Sputnik into world space, stories of flying saucers increased. Science-fiction stories and cheap books about mysteries occurring in vast interstellar space reached newsstands to spread new anxieties to the public.

"In reality" (continues Merloo)

"no astronomical observation, no moon watch team, camera or telescope has reported any strange flying object. The Air Technical Intelligence Center examined some 5700 reports of flying saucers between 1947 and 1957, and not one could be substantiated. Yet the incredulous epidemic of fantasies goes on—Why?"

To answer his last question first, the discussion of Unidentified Flying Objects continues because millions of responsible and competent persons are much more attentive to factual research than Mr. Merloo has shown himself to be.

After getting off to this demonstrably questionable beginning, he proceeds to polish off the entire subject with the assertion that it is largely a mental problem, primarily a psychological disturbance. Having shaped his straw man to suit his purposes Merloo then knocks out the pre-arranged stuffing. His case consists of stating his opinions, which he bases on other opinions, which are also his. It is a most convenient method of dealing with a controversial subject and it might have been more convincing had he bothered to predicate his opening remarks on fact.

Let's examine his remarks.

His opening sentence says: "The moment the Russians sent Sputnik into world space, stories of flying saucers increased."

Had he bothered to check with the Air Force even they would have been able to inform him that sightings of Unidentified Flying Objects did NOT increase after the launching of Sputnik, even though more people than ever before were scanning the heavens.

A study of publishing records fails to support his second statement, that books of science fiction and space mysteries bloomed to "spread new anxieties to the public." The facts are that there was no publishing spurt of that kind and if the people who read science fiction are frightened by it, as Mr. Merloo professes to believe, he has made a discovery that has escaped both readers and publishers of such material.

Thus his first paragraph is entirely at variance with the known facts.

Let us proceed to paragraph number two of this most unusual article:

"In reality no astronomical observation, moon watch team, camera or telescope has reported any strange flying objects."

This must come as a shock to such eminent astronomers as Dr. James Bartlett of the Observatory at Maryland University and to Frank Halstead of Darling Observatory, both of whom are among the scores of astronomers who have seen and reported "strange flying objects" in contrast to Merloo's claims. Had he bothered to ascertain the facts, he would have earned also that the FIRST photo of a "strange flying object" was made through the telescope of the observatory at Zapatecas, Mexico, more than 75 years ago! Countless amateur photographers also have pictured these objects and that list includes the two splendid photographs taken on the afternoon of May 11, 1950, by Mrs. Paul Trent, of McMinnville, Ore. An Air Force spokesman who examined my copies made from the original negatives called them: "Two of the best civilian photographs of flying saucers we have ever seen!" This was in 1950 before the UFO's swarmed over the nation's capitol and brought down the lid of censorship.

Reports of "strange objects" from moonwatch teams are legion, which again easily refutes the assertion in the Merloo article.

Now the next sentence from that same article:

"The Air Technical Intelligence Center examined some 5700 reports of flying saucers between 1947 and 1957 and not one could be substantiated."

According to the numerous and varied Air Force reports, they DID examine some thousands of reports during the period indicated. Not only did they *substantiate* some cases, which they list as unsolved, but the first major case, that of Captain Thomas Mantell at Fort Knox, Ky., refutes Merloo's bland assertion. On the night of January 7, 1948, the Air Force command at Fort Knox issued a press statement which said: "Captain Thomas Mantell met his death while in pursuit of a flying saucer."

"Yet," says Merloo in the Abbott publication, "The incredulous epidemic of fantasies goes on—Why?"

If he is correct in his assumption that the Unidentified Flying Objects are part of an epidemic of fantasies, he should by all means present some proof of his claim to the Air Force and relieve them of the evident concern which has prompted them to issue orders to shoot down these fantasies if possible. If Merloo can prove that the whole subject is one of psychological disturbances he would perform a patriotic duty by coming forward with some proof. By that simple procedure he could relieve many nations of their costly and troublesome pursuit and study of the objects which he claims are fantasies.

Why, he inquires plaintively, does this "epidemic" continue?

Possibly because articles such as his, written to a pre-arranged conclusion without regard for the facts, add only confusion to a subject that is difficult enough at best.

He calls it "The Delusion of the Flying Saucers," and the opening paragraphs clearly demonstrate the 'delusions' as his own.

* * *

ARTICLES SUCH as the one we have discussed will have little effect on the conclusions of those who search for the facts in this 12-year-old riddle. Those who "believe" in the so-called flying saucers may not always have the answers, but many of the answers are there if they want them.

What are the flying saucers?

They are the objects which Dr. Hermann Oberth, one of the world's best known rocket scientists repeatedly has described as inter-galactic craft designed and operated by a very advanced race of unknown origin. They are the objects which Admiral Delmar Fahrney, father of our guided missile program, described as being of extra-terrestrial origin, operated by intelligent beings of a very high order and entering our atmosphere at speeds which have been officially recorded in excess of 18,000 miles per hour.

They are the objects which have been seen by millions of people in every nation on earth and under all conditions and circumstances. In spite of persistent official ridicule of those who report these observations, the sightings continue.

Are they real, these flying saucers?

The Air Force has upon two occasions issued orders to shoot down any of these objects, if possible. Such an order was issued in August, 1952, when the UFO's swarmed over Washington, D.C. The order was withdrawn a few hours later when noted scientists protested to the Pentagon and to the President. A similar shoot-'em-down order was issued late in 1959 when the appearance of these objects over the Panama Canal Zone made it necessary for us to rush jet pursuit craft to the scene.

Further to underscore the official recognition of the reality of the flying saucers are the several military regulations setting forth instructions for reporting the things and providing penalties for military personnel who reveal to the public what they have seen.

Have the flying saucers been photographed?

Innumerable times. Commander Orrego of the Chilean Antarctic expedition in 1949 brought back hundreds of feet of movies of the things circling his fleet in the Antarctic. The Brazilian government has released at least seven photographs of flying objects which it openly classifies as Unidentified Flying Objects. This list includes odd looking craft photographed by official cameramen with various Brazilian military units.

(Regrettably, the field of UFO photography has become a happy hunting ground for "simulated" pictures. The list includes lamp shades, cardboard silhouettes, hats, automobile hub caps, sewing bobbins, and even mechanical tops with the spindle sheared off. Still other alleged UFO pictures include streaks, spots and smears resulting from poor development procedures, creased or crinkled film base and ghost images produced by bright lights shining directly into the lens. Almost all these frauds or accidents can be quickly identified by anyone with a reasonably good understanding of photographic processes or techniques.)

Have any of these UFO's ever landed or fallen?

There are many reports from witnesses who may be considered credible (military personnel, fliers, clergymen and others) who describe cases in which they claim to have seen shiny disc-shaped craft on the ground. In an Air Force report the Air Force admits it found evidence which indicated that an object about 75 feet in length had been on the ground near Pittsburg, Kan., as reported by a radio station employee there. This is one of the unsolved Air Force cases.

I do not know whether any UFO's have fallen. If Dr. Oberth's conclusions are correct—that these things control or distort gravity—it may be impossible for them to fall. We know so little about gravity that no one is qualified to discuss it's application in such cases. During the 12 years I have been a student of these objects I have never heard of one of them "falling", which simply means losing control and submitting to the earth's gravitational field.

Is there a pattern to the sightings?

Yes. In fact, several patterns.

Aime Michel has pointed out that a study of the sightings over France, for instance, shows the objects proceding from one important area to another before they zip into the heavens. Maps of these sightings, with their paths drawn from point to point, give the impression that the UFO's were on mapping or study trips of some sort. Similar lines are easily identifiable in the earlier appearances of the UFO's over the United States, too.

When the objects first began to appear in numbers over this country they were seen principally in the daytime. When faster jets came into service and systematic pursuit of the UFO's began, they seemed to restrict their activities around cities and frequently were reported over smaller communities or in sparsely settled areas. Then, as military attention has become intensified, the UFO's are seldom seen in the daytime. In this connection note the instructions given to the Monon train crews whose train was followed by four UFO's for more than an hour. The Bunker Hill (Indiana) Air Force Base authorities advised the train crew members to be especially alert between two and four o'clock in the mornings. Interestingly, those two hours cover the period when human activities in the open are at lowest ebb.

Why the official policy of secrecy and deception of the public where UFO's are concerned?

We can only conjecture but I think we have obvious grounds for our conjecture.

The UFO's constitute a factor over which our military has no control. The objects can (and do) outperform both our missiles and our fastest planes. They CIRCLED a V-2 rocket launched from White Sands in 1948. They CIRCLED a jet interceptor near Paris, Ill., in 1958. These are specific incidents witnessed by many persons. They are not unique or exceptional.

With the skies of the earth being entered and used by craft over which human beings have no control; with numerous accidents to aircraft which defy explanation; with evidence pointing conclusively to the existence in our skies of intelligently controlled devices which COULD some day prove hostile, it seems likely that the policy of secrecy and deception is meant to minimize the danger of widespread panic.

This policy assumes the public cannot be trusted with the truth if that truth contains a possibility of menace. This policy also assumes it would be all right for the public to be in danger, as long as they don't know it. This is a superpaternalistic attitude which seems to me to be unrealistic and unjustified.

A nation that has accepted and absorbed the menace of hydrogen bombs in the hands of warlike humans surely can accept and absorb the presence of space craft operated by intelligent creatures who have evaded our hostile greetings without retaliating.

Are there other sentient beings on other worlds?

The laws of probability indicate that there are millions of planetary systems in space, many of which should bear life, possibly and probably far in advance of our own modest developments. As early as 1924 the government of the United States was spending money trying to intercept radio signals from Mars. The latest effort in this direction is Project Ozma, involving the use of giant "radio telescopes" o record signals from space. When we first disclosed this forthcoming use of the radio telescopes in FATE many months ago, it was promptly denied, just as the existence of the UFO's was denied, but time and developments have confirmed our statement. Strange radio signals rom Venus, picked up by the Naval Observatory, the Ohio State University installation and others in recent years, have spurred the use of larger radio detection instruments in this field.

Do we have any tangible evidence of the reality of the saucers?

Yes. The Brazilian government has turned over to U.S. authorities about half of the molten tin which poured from a UFO at very low altitude over Campinas, Brazil, in September, 1953. It was one of hree which came down through the overcast. One of the UFO's was wobbling violently and molten tin of 100% purity dripped from the UFO that was in trouble. The UFO inally rose and joined its companions. Residents collected the tin under military direction and it was subsequently divided between the United States and Brazilian scientists for study. There may be other angible evidence in official hands. There is no question about this particular case, which was officially announced by the government of Brazil.

* * *

IN SUMMATION, you may find this chronological sequence of interest.

In 1867 the two satellites of Mars were discovered where none ever had been seen before. In the following 20 year period there was a flood of unexplained phenomena on the moon. In that same period scores of strange zeppelin-shaped objects roamed the earth, oftimes at very low altitudes. We had nothing comparable. There was a lull in these sightings from about 1910 until 1947.

In 1945 we exploded three atomic bombs. In 1946 we began bouncing radar signals off the moon. In early 1947 the first swarms of disc-shaped Unidentified Flying Objects began to appear at many points around the earth. They were photographed. They were tracked by radar, by theodolite, and chased by planes. They played tag with our rockets. In mid-1952 they appeared over the nation's capitol, first in relatively small numbers on two nights in July, then on the night of August 13th, 1952, 68 of them swarmed over Washington. This development is revealed in an official publication of the Civil Aeronautics Administration and was kept from the public for two years by the tight censorship restrictions resulting from the July, '52, incidents.

As our pursuit of the objects has

been intensified, their appearance pattern has undergone change. They are seen less frequently in daytime, most frequently in the early morning hours. Once only dark objects, they now are characterized by fluorescent glow or by clusters of multicolored lights.

We know that something about them exerts a powerful effect on the earth's magnetic field and that they can, by their near presence, stop automobile engines, stifle radios and blackout headlights. We also know that the UFO's oscillate when they enter a strong radar field.

Millions of dollars have been spent in study and pursuit of these so-called flying saucers. Lives have been risked and some have been lost.

But there is still much to be learned . . . and much that has been learned has not been revealed to the public, which nonetheless paid the bill.

When will all the facts be revealed?

Not until the American people rise up and demand to know. Not until they make the demand in a compelling voice that Congress cannot ignore.

◆

ARE FIREBALLS INTERSTELLAR VISITORS?

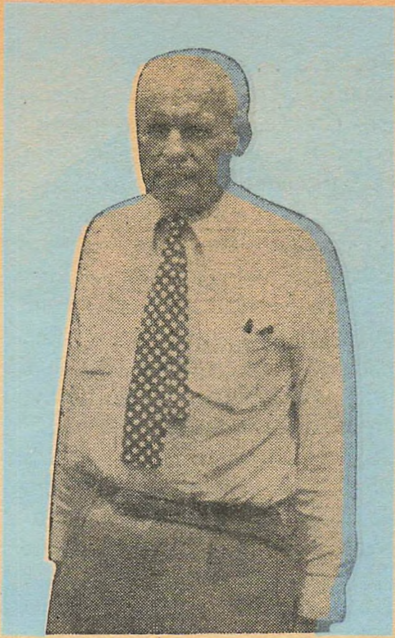
A RECENT report in *Science* suggests that, at least occasionally, objects such as meteors cross the vast and empty regions of interstellar space to earth. These, when they enter our atmosphere, become visible as "fireballs."

One such object from beyond the solar system is believed to have been the fireball that lighted the sky over New York State on the evening of July 26, 1938. This fireball began its flaming path over eastern Pennsylvania and it ended over southern Vermont. Northwest of New York City explosions made it particularly brilliant.

In the *Science* article Dr. Charles P. Olivier, former director of the Flower and Cook Observatories at the University of Pennsylvania, reported that he analyzed the flight of the fireball. He stated that after studying some 800 reports "it appears quite certain that the body had a hyperbolic velocity and hence must have originated outside our solar system."

Dr. Olivier noted that his theory runs counter to those held by many foremost astronomical authorities, who maintain that such interstellar visitations do not occur. All meteors and comets, they insist, are in orbits as part of the solar system.

George Eharoshe, who lives in Milwaukee, Wis., came to the U.S.A. from Yugoslavia in 1906 at the age of 16. In 1911 he opened a real estate office, which he has operated ever since. Married in 1917, he has three daughters and a son.



He sought divine help for cancer —and it came in the form of a vision of snakes in a stew pot.

By Florence H. Sutter

PRAYER CURED MY CANCER

GEORGE EHAROSHE, real estate dealer of 5010 West Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., sat strained and tense in the office of a prominent Milwaukee surgeon and urologist early in 1954.

Doctor S . . . had an unpleasant task before him and as he glanced out of his office window at the bright sun gleaming on the elm leaves he sighed.

"Tell me, Doctor," said Mr. Eharoshe. "You must tell me! Is this thing malignant? You know, I'm not getting better at all. I had this operation on my bladder over two months ago. I know you removed a tumor. I also know that if you cut your finger it has to heal! Why is it I am not healing, Doctor?"

George Eharoshe was a tall man in his middle 60s. Now he rumpled his iron-grey crew cut nervously while he moved his large gaunt frame uncomfortably in the straight chair. The fleshy padding was not there any more. He had lost over 50 pounds.

Doctor S . . . turned grave eyes reluctantly toward his patient. "Yes, George," he said quietly. "You will have to know now. You have cancer all over your body. The large tumor under your breast is inoperable. The sore in your mouth is worse and not healing. The tumor we removed during your recent operation was not only the largest we ever removed here, but it was malignant. I am sorry, George, to have to tell you this."

George Eharoshe's face blanched. He half rose from his chair, then sank back. "It is like a pack of wolves," he said, as if to himself. "Like a pack of wolves! One leaps at your throat, another at your breast! Doctor, isn't there *anything* I can do? Could I starve it out, or take some different kind of medicine?"

Doctor S . . . lifted his hands then let them fall helplessly. "You are a victim of cancer. I know of nothing, George. In about two months we must remove your right kidney, that may help a little. In the meantime, I will write you a prescription." He reached for his prescription pad, anxious to end the difficult interview. "This will help when you get pain," he said writing swiftly.

George Eharoshe rode dazedly down in the elevator. His knees shook. His hands trembled. Numb with shock he walked against the light crossing the street and had his prescription filled . . . for pain. No physical pain could ever be greater, it seemed, than the mental anguish he felt now. He sat hopelessly while the white-coated druggist moved impersonally among the bottles behind his window.

Mr. Eharoshe has the druggist's package to this day, as a memento. But as he sat facing death, waiting for the package that day, George Eharoshe could not know that it would never be opened.

George got into his car and drove cautiously home, his ears buzzing, his eyes misting. Mrs. Eharoshe met him at the door and knew instantly that he had been told what she and their married children had known for months.

"Wife," George said through tense lips. "Wife, I am going to sell the house. I have just heard that I am about to die!" He sank into a chair but got up again instantly, to pace the floor of the pleasant living room, unmindful of his wife's feeble attempts at reassurance.

"I should have known when all those big doctors came to visit me at the hospital," he shouted. "I'm nobody, why would they come? And now I'm doomed to another operation! And then? Then *what?*

"You must take the medicine the doctor gave you," his wife murmured.

"Take *medicine?*" George groaned. "What for? Call our minister! Maybe he can help me. At least he can pray!"

The Seventh Day Adventist minister came at Mrs. Eharoshe's urgent call and anointed George with oil. He tried to soothe and comfort him, to give him some serenity and mental peace, but the desire for life and joy in the face of this crushing news made George a distracted listener. He tried hard to enter into prayer with the minister but had no thought in his head except the doctor's words, which echoed over and over.

On the second evening after receiving his death notice George Eharoshe stumbled along a little used path in the small park adjacent to his house. A young sliver of moon, holding a great oval shadow of the full moon, rode serenely above him. The stars were there as always. But George viewed them now from the depth of sorrow . . . with a difference.

He made his way to a small stone bench and knelt before it. There was no one around to see his surrender to despair. He laid his head on his bony arms and let the tears wash down his face. Then he looked up at the stars, lovely above the quiet trees. He started to pray.

"Oh, Lord, my Father," he said. "You are the Creator of all this great universe—the Creator of all the planets larger than this one I am kneeling on. And here I am, Lord, a sinner who is desperate and needing help. No one in this world can help me, Lord! There is no physician; there is no medicine; there is no healing balm here that I know about or can obtain. Lord, if it is Thy will, You are the only One who can help me. I don't deserve Thy Grace but You promised to Thy Son, Jesus, that all that came to Thee in His Name and prayed would be granted according to their faith. Would You please give me some sign, Lord, show me some way that will help me to help myself. I will be waiting, Lord, in reverent humbleness."

The stars shimmered and wavered and blinked through his tears. He remained there a long time, praying, while the trees whispered and the night grew cool about him. And after a long quiet time he went across the park, entered his home, and went to bed.

George Eharoshe had been asleep for some time—a dreamless, exhausted sleep—when suddenly he *felt* that he came awake. He *felt* that he arose, hungry, refreshed, eager to investigate the tantalizing smells that came from the kitchen. He made his way there, to the aroma of stew, one of his favorite dishes. His wife smiled as he entered. She was just replacing the cover on the kettle, after putting some more savory things into it.

He felt that he couldn't wait. He pushed quickly to the stove and lifted the lid of the kettle. He was met, not by the fragrant, delicious stew, but by a rattlesnake which rose hissing and darting its tongue at him. Its evil diamond eyes caught his and held them through the curtain of steam. George leaped back in dismay, then bent forward to peer more intently into the pot. It was alive with rattlesnakes, coiled and writhing among the potatoes and carrots.

"Wife," he called angrily. "What is this, in Heaven's name—some joke? Have you no clean meat, that you must prepare this for me? Look! Look, at this horrid snake."

But his wife had disappeared. The stove evaporated into shadow together with the pots and George found himself sweating—in bed.

He lay there trying to recover from shock. It had been so real. So very real. He could have sworn he had not dreamed. He had lived the experience. He lay there thinking. Two and two are four, he thought. The meat turned into snakes. I have never seen a rattlesnake that wasn't poison. They are all poison. So that snake means meat is poison to me.

Thus George Eharoshe summed up the profound experience and lay waiting for morning.

"Wife," he said at breakfast. "I am not going to eat any more meat. I am going on a 100 percent vegetable diet."

Mrs. Eharoshe had spent a distracted and miserable night herself. "Oh, bosh!" she said crossly. "A little meat isn't going to hurt you."

"But I had a dream . . ." George began.

"Dreams!" she interrupted. "Now it is dreams you are going to live by! Nonsense!"

She touched his arm, "George, take your medicine. Please, like the doctor said."

George shook her off. "This was more than a dream, my dear. It was so plain! He stared out the kitchen window toward the park, then at the stove where he so recently had seen the serpent.

"Another thing," he said softly. "I prayed to God last night. I asked Him to help me, to show me a way, to give me a sign, to help me to help myself . . . and so that dream means a lot to me." He reached over and touched his wife's hand.

"All right, then. As you will," she murmured.

Later that day George Eharoshe accidently met a man from California. He felt impelled to confide in him, to reveal his crisis, his dream, and his plan. The impulse was a good one; it seemed to fit into the whole pattern for the man was not only in accord, he added a further suggestion.

"Get on a completely *raw* diet. Eat all your vegetables without cooking," he said. "That is the only thing. Cooked food won't do it."

George stared at him, greatly concerned. "But how could I eat potatoes and rutabagas and beets raw?" he asked. It wasn't a pleasant thing to contemplate.

The man looked at him earnestly. "You must, if you wish to be well," he said simply.

George went home and again approached his wife. "Not only am I going to eat no meat but there is to be no more cooking for me. From now on I shall eat everything raw. It is the natural way, after all."

Mrs. Eharoshe was upset. "I shall call the doctor," she said, beginning to cry.

George watched her bustle to the phone where she called not only the doctor, but their children as well. "Now your father wants to eat everything raw," she sobbed. "He has taken leave of his senses."

The children came over as fast as they could, for a family conference. George looked from one concerned face to another. These children were his flesh and blood; they should understand.

"You are all aware of my condition," he said gravely. "I am going to die, one way or another. It makes no difference. Let it be either the usual way, or my way."

They agreed with bowed heads.

"Then, too," said George. "I prayed last night to God in Heaven and here He has shown me the way. Now don't you think it would be an insult to Him after His revelation to me if I should go back on Him? At least I am going to give Him a chance. You, my children, and you, my wife, you must give me a chance too."

As Mr. Eharoshe wryly stated later, "What could they do? They couldn't force me."

Two weeks later George Eharoshe reported to his doctor's office. "Good news for you, Mr. Eharoshe," said the little nurse, beaming at him after the examination. "Doctor says you have improved slightly."

George Eharoshe felt a warm spurt of happiness along his spine. "Thank God," he said "And thank you, too. I am so delighted to hear it."

Six weeks later the nurse came out smiling after the conference with the doctor. "Doctor S . . . wants to see you in his office for a minute. Will you wait? He has something to say to you."

George waited with growing apprehension. Oh, no, he thought to himself. He wants to have me hospitalized and take out my right kidney! Not now! Lord, not now! I am feeling so much better.

But Dr. S . . . came out of his office with a wide smile on his face. "George," he said, extending his hand. "Congratulations! I am glad to report that things are turning in your favor. I am going to put you on a five year plan now, where before it was a five month plan. Let me see—you were operated on four months ago. Come back in two months and we will give you a complete check-up."

George Eharoshe smiled back, "Thank God. And thank you, Doctor . . . I am more than happy to hear it. I will be back."

He went out walking on air, with his secret. Doctors, he thought, have a way of dissuading you. I shall just go on as I was led. He smiled to himself all the way home.

At the end of the two months George was back. Doctor S . . . gave him a thorough physical examination. The great breast tumor had dried up and not a mark was left. The bladder was clean and clear. The sore in his mouth had completely disappeared.

"It is a miracle," Doctor S . . . said gravely after it was all over and George was dressing. "You won't have to come back for a year. This is most impressive, but of course, cancers are unpredictable. They have a way of regressing . . ."

George looked at him searchingly, "You don't believe the diet had anything to do with my cure?"

"Not a thing," said the doctor.

But George Eharoshe knows better. He is not a food fadist. He never was. But he has been on a raw diet for five years and now weighs 180 pounds, against the 138 pounds he weighed in 1954. He looks like a man of 50, although he is 71. He has helped many people by telling them the story of his experience. He gives thanks to the Source to which he thinks the credit belongs.

"To God," he says earnestly, "for showing me the way! I am not a doctor. I am not a healer. I am a simple, very ordinary man. But I know a sign when I see one. And I am living the miracle!

"Prayer is answered," he said. "I know! My need was there. God heard me and answered me. Immediately! Can I do less than spread His Word through the story of my experience? It has brought faith and hope to quite a number of people in the past few years."

Can Thoughts Have Form?

By Nicholas Mamontoff

The psychic researchers concentrated on creating a thought-form — and saw an amazing shape appear.

BEFORE WORLD WAR I the Brotherhood Of The Rising Sun was organized in St. Petersburg, Russia. Its sponsor and chairman was Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich Romanoff, the same man who later took part in the plot against Rasputin. The purpose of the Brotherhood was to contact spirits and to scientifically explore the so-called "astralic plane." The society kept in constant contact with similar societies in Western Europe and especially in England.

My father was a member of this Brotherhood up to 1917 when the Revolution dissolved it. He witnessed many interesting experiments, heard many lectures about the astralic plane, but the most interesting feature of all was, in Father's opinion, the investigation of thought forms, *egrigors* or *tulpas* as they are called in Tibet. I believe the brothers of the Rising Sun were pioneers in this field in Europe.

This society published *The Sun*,

a quarterly review distributed to its members only and I used to read this with great concentration.

One snowy night, just before the Christmas of 1912, my father got a telephone call from Mr. Sysoev, secretary to Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich. He invited Father to be present that same evening at a very interesting lecture and experiment. Although it was 9:00 P.M. Father took a cab and went to the meeting. When he arrived at the Grand Duke's mansion he found already there almost all members and some scientists who were not members of the Brotherhood.

The Grand Duke introduced the *guru* (Indian teacher) as he called the tall, middle-aged man beside him. The *guru,* with his wide Mongolian face, dark hair and eyes, looked like a Chinese or Tibetan but he spoke Russian fluently and almost without accent. Father described the *guru's* manner as slow, gentle and sometimes majestic. Most impressive were his eyes which seemed to penetrate the very soul and, at the same time, attracted everybody to him.

After a light supper everyone gathered in the main hall and the *guru* began his lecture:

"Before we speak about *egrigors* I must remind you that the astralic world in many ways is similar to the physical plane on which we are living. The difference between these two worlds is that the astralic substance is so delicate that usually our organs of sense cannot perceive it. For instance, our ears cannot detect vibrations traveling through the air at less than 15 cycles per second or more than 20,000 cycles per second. We would say there is no sound. But there is! We know that animals have more sensitive sense organs than human beings do. They hear and see many things which we do not. We can even suppose that animals are able to perceive the astralic world where we cannot. The fact that dogs and cats will run from so-called haunted places helps to prove this theory. Our sense organs work only within certain limits; beyond these limits we remain deaf, dumb and blind. But we have no right to deny the existence of everything that we cannot sense. Remember, sooner or later we all will move on to this world. The astralic world has a dense population which obeys certain astralic laws, as we obey physical laws.

"The population of the astralic world consists of different creatures and characters. There is evil and good. Today I will concern myself with perhaps the most interesting dwellers of the astralic plane—the *egrigors* or thought forms. They are permanent inhabitants of the astralic plane; in other words, they do not pass into other, higher planes as human and animal spirits do.

"*Egrigors* are created by human thoughts. As we know, our thoughts consist of electrical energy plus vital fluid or *pranah,* possessed by every living body. A thought, having issued from our mind, produces some kind of reflection in the astralic plane and stays there for a certain period. When it is not "fed" or supported by similar emotions or thoughts issued by us or by other persons such a reflection vanishes without a trace. According to astralic laws, similar emotions, thoughts and emanations have an ability to accumulate and grow. In such a way the similar thoughts of many people create an *egrigor* or *tulpa*. The forms of *egrigors* are as different as thoughts. They also differ in their compactness and vitality, depending on the strength with which a thought has been issued by a human mind.

"The ordinary thoughts we produce from moment to moment do not make *egrigors* in the astralic plane. Such thoughts only form small clouds. They have no certain form and differ as to color in accordance with the emotion which produced the thought.* Exalted thoughts are beautiful blues and fine yellow shades; anger, jealousy, despair and evil emotions make ugly, red-brown thoughts. The accumulation of thoughts according to their auras, or character, sometimes becomes so strong that it influences and even dominates our physical plane.

"Everyone who has visited an old church or monastery remembers the feeling of peace and satisfaction to be found there. And when we visit some place where evil thoughts have accumulated we feel uneasy; such places can bring bad luck to their occupants. Such an accumulation or concentration of evil or good thoughts creates *egrigors* so real that we can perceive them even by our imperfect organs of sense.

"Especially powerful and dangerous emanations are produced by human beings dying violent deaths. Cursing one's murderer or executioner creates a dreadful *egrigor,* which lives in the astralic plane for a long time. Having received, from the healthy, strong body of the murdered or executed person, a lot of *pranah,* such an *egrigor* becomes so vital that it can cause trouble even in our physical plane. The vitality of *egrigors* varies. Some are motionless with unclear and diffused forms. They look like embryos and are the weakest type of *egrigors*. More powerful thoughts create more vital *egrigors*."

After the lecture the Grand Duke invited the guests into a room from which all furniture, except chairs, had been removed. Here the

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* See Yogi Ramacharaka's book, **Principles Of The World Outlook.**

guru announced that he was going to try to create a thought form or *egrigor*. The lights were turned off. The *guru* asked everyone to concentrate their thoughts upon something unusual, something that never existed in reality. Somebody proposed a dragon.

"Why do you choose such an ugly thing?" asked the *guru*. "We already have a lot of evil things in the astralic plane. Let us concentrate on something harmless and funny—on the Cat-In-Boots, for instance."

In order to make the *egrigor* clear the *guru* gave a description of the cat. He should be red-haired, dressed as a musketeer in a blue cloak, red coat and high boots with spurs!

More than half an hour of concentrated thinking passed without any result and the group began to doubt that their experiment would succeed.

"Concentrate! Concentrate! Do not think about anything but the cat," urged the *guru* in the darkness.

More minutes passed and then, in the absolute darkness, a light cloud appeared. It moved and changed shape until finally it assumed the unclear form of a cat. A few minutes later the details of the animal's body became clear but its dress remained only multicolored vibrations.

"Obviously you cannot imagine the musketeer's uniform," said the *guru*. "Your thoughts are various. Now, think only of a red-haired cat wearing common Russian boots!"

Within a few minutes the features of the cat stabilized and on his hind feet was a pair of Russian boots.

The *egrigor* was motionless and looked like a poorly developed photograph.

"Do not think about the cat any more and watch what happens to it," ordered the *guru*.

Sitting in the darkness the audience saw the form of the cat gradually melt and at last disappear completely.

"The duration of an *egrigor's* life and its vitality are in direct proportion to the tension, energy and *pranah* spent in its creation by the human mind," explained the *guru*.

After the seance my father asked the *guru* whether it is possible for a single person to create an *egrigor*. He replied that it is very difficult and even impossible for the average person. However, with special training and exercises it can be done, he said. "The Western scientists never realize how powerful the human mind is and what miracles it can work," added the *guru*.

I heard this story from my father and also read it in *The Sun,* copies of which remained with our family until the World War II broke out.

* * *

THERE IS very little about *egrigors* to be found in public libraries or in English literature generally. Some short stories on the subject by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling must be considered fiction. The great work *Die Geheimwissenschaft* by Prof. Rudolf Steiner was burned by the Nazis and now is a bibliophilistic rarity. However, I am of the opinion that this interesting subject, this blank spot in our knowledge of the other world, should be explored.

I know of no mathematical evidence that our thoughts create *egrigors* and, therefore, we must accept some hypothesis based on our own or others' experiences and observations. It should be noted that many observations described in Mme. Alexandra David-Neel's book, *Magic And Mystery In Tibet,* (partially reprinted in FATE Magazine, July, 1958) concerning the creation of *egrigors* correspond to the Brotherhood's experience as described here.

Some *egrigors* are so vital that persons see them even against their wishes. We know that many drunkards and dope addicts "see things" under the influence of liquor or drugs. Doctors call this "delirium" but they make no effort to explain why these "deliriums" so often take the same form. Why do alcoholics see devils? I have talked to many of them who never believed in devils but they saw devils too. Of course, they see many other visions as well.

Scientists know narcotics work destructively on the nervous system but, at the same time, we can believe that some narcotics will help develop our sixth sense, that is, help us to perceive the astralic plane. If this is the case, is it too far fetched to suggest that the drunkards' devils are *egrigors?*

And, of course, history tells us that alcoholics and drug addicts are not the only persons who have seen devils. St. Augustine saw a parade of devils; St. Anthony was tried by the devil; and St. Anne's monastery in Augsburg, Bavaria, can show you today a big ink spot made by the inkstand Martin Luther threw at the devil whom he saw in that cell.

Persons suffering long, exhausting illnesses see *egrigors* as well as they see their departed friends and relatives. The following incident occurred in my own family: In 1935 my step-son Boris caught typhoid fever and we lost hope that he would survive. The boy's fever ran as high as 103 degrees for almost two weeks. He was unconscious. Then our physician told us that the "crisis" was approaching and if his fever broke that night, Boris would recover. We did not leave the boy's bedside for a moment. We hired a nurse who administered camphor oil and caffein every half hour.

Just after midnight Boris sat up, looked around and said in a weak voice, "Thank God, she went off at last."

"Who do you mean?" my wife asked.

"That tall, skinny woman with the scythe. She was standing at my bed for a long time but now she is gone."

He fell asleep and an hour later when we took his temperature it was down two degrees.

During his illness Boris said once, in delirium, "Mother, where will you bury me when I die? Beside Father's grave there is no place any more. There is a fresh grave."

We did not pay too much attention to these words but later, after a visit to her first husband's grave, my wife told me that there was, indeed, a new interment beside it. She had been there just two days before Boris got sick and the space had been empty then.

I cannot explain these experiences except by the hypothesis that Boris, exhausted by his illness, was in temporary attunement with the astralic plane. By this means he could see his father's grave at a distance as well as an *egrigor* of death, in the form of a woman with a scythe.

Egrigors are divided into two types, good and evil. However, they have no will of their own because the will is possessed by spirits only. There is no will beyond the spirit and *egrigors* are robots which can be used by good or evil forces for their own purposes. (It should be noted that Mme. David-Neel thought that her *egrigor* seemed to develop a will of its own.) Evil spirits can use *egrigors* to scare the living, to depress human minds, and those persons who suffer most are the so-called mentally ill. They see evil *egrigors* and cannot escape.

The numerous cases of visions of Jesus Christ, of the Virgin Mary, and of the saints, recorded in history and in the present time, are no more nor less than "good" *egrigors* commissioned to bring hope in despair, strength in illness, courage in struggle, etc.

Among the "evil" *egrigors* the most dreadful and dangerous are those created by the curse pronounced in mad anger or at the moment of physical death. This monster *egrigor* appears at once in the astralic plane and from this moment becomes a tormentor, not only of the person cursed, but also of he who pronounced the curse.

I suggest that Jesus Christ warned the people against bad words and evil thoughts because he hoped to keep them from creating "evil" *egrigors*.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay $5 for each True Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

PSYCHIC FROM CHILDHOOD

By Anna Robeson

AS A VERY YOUNG GIRL, while attending a convent in Philadelphia, I had the realization that I was unlike other children. During a school recess we were playing a game and as I took my partner's hand I said to her, "I am so sorry that your grandmother died." She screamed and ran to Sister Mary who was supervising us and reported what I had said.

Sister Mary ordered me to the classroom and followed me in. "Why did you make such a remark?" she asked.

"I don't know," I answered. "But I do know that her grandmother is dead."

I could see that Sister Mary thought me impertinent. She directed that I write 100 times, "I will never again speak about matters of which I know nothing."

I had just taken pencil and paper from my desk when the Mother Superior entered the room. "Madeline's grandmother is dead," she said. "She passed away shortly before recess. Madeline's father called for her a few moments ago. Go back to your play, child," she said to me kindly, "and don't say anything more to frighten your playmates."

My father, without my knowledge, had talked about me to our priest and, of course, the Mother Superior knew too that I was dif-

ANNA ROBESON

ferent from other children. They agreed it would be better not to encourage me in this difference.

When alone I saw beautiful spiritual beings and sometimes frightening creatures. I heard music when none was being played. My father, being a doctor and an alienist (he now would be called a psychiatrist), had understanding but my mother usually was shocked at the things I told her. She told me to pray.

Father said, "Never speak about these happenings to anyone but us, for others might not understand."

As the years pass, there are times when I cannot see or hear anything unusual. Then I am unhappy, for some of these beings are my beloved companions. But most of the time I can get messages for people.

In 1924 a friend sent a Mr. Martin, a stranger, to me in the hope that I might receive word for him from his wife, who had died several months before. Mr. Martin was grief-stricken. "Why did she have to die?" he asked repeatedly.

"Your wife is still living, Mr. Martin," I consoled him. "She is merely in a different kind of life."

We sat quietly for a little while, then suddenly I saw her and described her to him. She left as suddenly as she had appeared, in company with an elderly man, whom I also described. She had not spoken.

"That was Margaret, all right; you described her perfectly," Mr. Martin said. "Also her father. But why didn't she speak? Doesn't she know how much I miss her?" Before I could reply, he went on, "Maybe you saw her through my mind; you could be a mind reader."

"That is true," I agreed. "I very easily could have seen her through your mind if you were composed. I could have known that you loved to see her comb and braid her long hair each night." He looked startled. "However," I went on, "I could receive nothing from your subconscious mind now, because you are in a state of confusion. If your wife appears again, I will call you."

About three weeks later, a few days before Easter, I was alone in my study. The glow of the sunset was fading and I was about to turn on a light when I felt a presence near me.

"I am Margaret Martin," a lovely voice said. But Mrs. Martin did not appear.

I took pencil and paper and waited.

"There must be something you want to tell me," I suggested.

"Yes, there is," she replied. She

then gave me six or seven lines of poetry. They were about Easter, but they seemed not to make a finished piece.

"Tell my husband," she directed, "to look in the middle dresser drawer. In there he will find my notebook. Also give him the paper you have written."

I called Mr. Martin, and shortly afterward he came over. "I didn't know Margaret had this book," he said handing me a notebook filled with verses.

As we turned the pages we found an unfinished poem about Easter and the lines she had dictated to me made a perfect ending. We were greatly impressed as we now read the completed poem.

"Did I receive this from your mind, Mr. Martin?" I asked.

"Positively not!" he almost shouted. "I never even knew that Margaret wrote poetry."

About a year later he called on me to say he was leaving for the East shortly. I informed him: "You will arrive in Chicago in pouring rain. I see you walking down the street with a large umbrella. As you stop before a bank and begin folding the umbrella, you accidentally brush a woman who also is holding an umbrella. You both apologize and together you enter the bank where she is employed. You meet her again in transacting your business. This is the woman you will marry. You will bring her out here to California to live, and you have many happy years together."

This all happened as I had predicted. I heard Mr. Martin and his second wife tell the story several times before we drew apart. *—Indio, Calif.*

POWER BEYOND THE GRAVE?

By Olive Peabody

SOME 42 YEARS ago we lived a few blocks away from a fashionable boarding house in the Capital Hill area where some well-to-do people took meals and lodging. Among them was one John Enslow, his pretty but selfish wife Dorothy, and his domineering, maiden sister, Esther.

Because Esther was the eldest of the Enslow family a peculiar and involved will had left her holding the purse strings for the threesome, and she made life generally miserable for her brother and his wife. They endured her treatment for many reasons. One was that John was lazy and without Esther's financial help he couldn't supply Dorothy with the comforts she demanded. However, their chief reason for staying on was that Esther had a serious heart ailment and they all had been warned that she was not long for this world.

The cantankerous sister had

been hard enough to cope with before being told of her ailment; afterwards she seemed possessed. She ruled her family group like a queen with old world authority; she made ostentatious display of her wealth before others.

Her most prized possession was a little finger ring containing a very large, valuable emerald. The ring had been in the Enslow family for over 200 years and the will had decreed that it never could be sold, but must be passed on to the next oldest member of the family at the death of the one in possession. Since there would be no one left except John and his wife Esther became obsessed with the idea that John's wife should not wear the jewel that was such an important item in her little kingdom.

"If you ever give this to Dorothy," Esther said one day as she fingered the brilliant stone, "I'll come back from the dead and make her sorry!"

Finally the greedy couple was released from their bondage by Esther's death and, of course, when the estate was settled John did give the ring to Dorothy. As he slipped it on the little finger of her left hand she shuddered visibly.

"You're surely not going to dwell on the foolish threat Esther made, are you?" John asked.

"Oh no," she answered. "I'm a little cold. It's been such a horrible rainy day. I do wish it would clear up."

She turned to the window to watch the storm. There was a blinding flash of lightning followed by a terrible crash. A large limb from the cottonwood tree outside the house came hurling through the window and Dorothy's hand was cut by a piece of flying glass. It was bleeding profusely and John wrapped it in a bath towel before going to call the retired physician who lived on the second floor of the boarding house.

When the doctor arrived and examined the wound he discovered that the little finger of Dorothy's left hand had been severed between the second and third joints and the emerald ring was missing from it. The ring was easily found, however, because the gem lay in full view in the middle of the red velvet carpet—its shining brilliance winking up mischievously at the little group. — *Denver, Colo.*

DREAM INJURY

By Mary L. Post

SEVERAL MONTHS after my brother, Howard Taylor, died from injuries received when he fell from a ladder on July 23, 1956, in Louisville, Ky., I had a strange dream.

I dreamed that I was at a place

where they were building a very large building. Building material was scattered all around and the wall they were working on was very high. Suddenly someone came and told me that my brother Howard had fallen and was hurt very bad. I ran and called for somebody to go and get my younger brother, Sidney. I told them that Howard was very badly hurt and asked them to go after Sidney. One man said he would go and he got into his car, which was a dark maroon color. I walked close to the car and leaned in the window giving directions for finding Sidney. I asked the man to hurry and as he started the car and pulled away the back wheel ran over the outside of my right foot and also over three toes on that foot.

When this happened I became very frightened and ran back to where Howard was lying. When I reached him I saw that he was dead. In my dream I could see nothing but his face.

My dream ended here and I did not awaken until morning. When I woke up next morning my right foot was extremely sore and when I arose I found the nail on my small toe was completely mashed off. The bones in my foot and ankle were so sore that I could scarcely walk. I was taking care of my daughter-in-law who was ill and I had a great deal of trouble getting around the house for the next four days.

Every three to six weeks since I had this dream, three years ago, the outside of my right foot and those three toes have burned and the bones get very sore. The last few times this has occurred that side of my foot has swelled up and feels just like it has been severely burned.

Can somebody tell what happened to me?—*West Asheville, N.C.*

WAS IT ONLY A DREAM?

By Jack Lambert

ONE NIGHT in April, 1944, during World War II, while my son, Lt. Franklyn S. Lambert, was stationed in England, I had the strangest and most mystifying dream I ever have had.

Maybe our background together had something to do with it. In Prep School Franklyn was intensely interested in a course in English History, of which I was the teacher. We especially concentrated on London. From charts we studied the general features of the city, and more specifically, many of the more famous places located there—Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly, etc.

We both longed to go to England, especially to London. Franklyn soon got his chance, all expenses paid by Uncle Sam. I fervently hoped he would get to spend some time in London.

I have never been to London—or *have* I?

In my dream I *was* there. As I walked down Piccadilly, who should I meet but my son. After a most affectionate greeting he said, "Well Dad, we've always wanted to see this town, so let's give it the once over."

We did. We visited many of the places we had studied, and remarked how much they were like we had pictured them in class.

When I awoke I was depressed, mystified and chagrined to find it was only a dream.

Like other dreams, I dismissed this one from my mind until I soon got a letter from Franklyn telling me that he had been in London the very day of my dream, that he had visited the famous places of which I had dreamed, and he ended by saying, "You know, Dad, everywhere I went I had a strange, mysterious feeling that you were there with me."

What are dreams made of?—*Allentown, Pa.*

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE

By Betty Williams

FIVE YEARS ago I knew I soon was to be faced with earning a living for myself and my three children. I had never worked, but prior to my marriage had attended business college for a few months.

I prayed for guidance and received a strong conviction that I would have a better chance of obtaining a position suitable to our needs if I could augment my business training with an evening class in bookkeeping that was being offered. I had no idea where I would get the $30.00 required to take the course, but I determined to leave the tuition in God's hands and I signed for the course.

When the day came for class to begin I still didn't have the money! My close friend, Eileen, called me at noon and invited me to bowl with her and her friend, Jo. I didn't feel much like bowling, but to keep my mind occupied, accepted.

Near the end of our last game, about four o'clock, Jo was bowling when Eileen opened her purse and then slipped her hand in my pocket.

"Betty, Ed and I were talking recently," she said. "We have had everything so good lately, and we want to do something for you. Please take this, either for a bowling ball or anything else you would rather have."

My first impulse was to say, "Oh, no, I couldn't take that from you," but when I saw the amount was exactly $30.00 I knew this was God's answer to my prayers.

Later, when we were alone, I told Eileen about the bookkeeping course and my prayers.

She exclaimed, "That *is* strange! I was going to wait until another day because I didn't want to give it to you when Jo was with us; but 'something' made me withdraw the money from the bank this morning."—*Seattle, Wash.*

◆

THE MEDIUM AND THE MISSING JUDGE

HAS a famed Dutch medium solved the long-standing mystery concerning Joseph Force Crater, a New York State Supreme Court justice, who disappeared in August, 1930, after leaving a Manhattan cafe? The medium, Gerard Croiset, of Utrecht, The Netherlands, is reported to have detailed clues known only to the police although he lacked knowledge of the case.

In a *Harper's Magazine* article, writer-investigator Murray Teigh Bloom relates that he took a photograph of Judge Crater to Croiset after hearing that the medium had aided European police in the solution of several major crimes. According to Bloom, Croiset placed his fingers on the picture without looking at it and went into a trance. Then Croiset told Bloom that the subject was a judge who had been kidnapped and murdered about 25 years before.

Croiset next drew a rough map of New York City and placed X's at what he said were the kidnapping and slaying sites. The first X was in Manhattan and the second in Yonkers, where Croiset said the dead man was buried near a house.

These claims appeared to dovetail with a story told to police in January, 1954, by an elderly Bronx butcher named Henry Krauss who felt he was about to die and wanted certain facts to be known. Krauss related that at the time Crater disappeared he owned a house in Yonkers used only for parties given by his friends and political acquaintances.

One day he said, he found the kitchen of the house filled with blood and broken beer and whisky bottles. He was warned to keep silent in the event that he was questioned about Judge Crater. He was given to understand that there had been trouble over a large amount of money obtained by Crater and others in a crooked deal.

Krauss died a short time later and police found some details of his story true, while others proved untrue or incapable of being checked. The investigation reached a dead-end.

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ON THE TRAIL OF THE SASQUATCH

By Stephen Franklin

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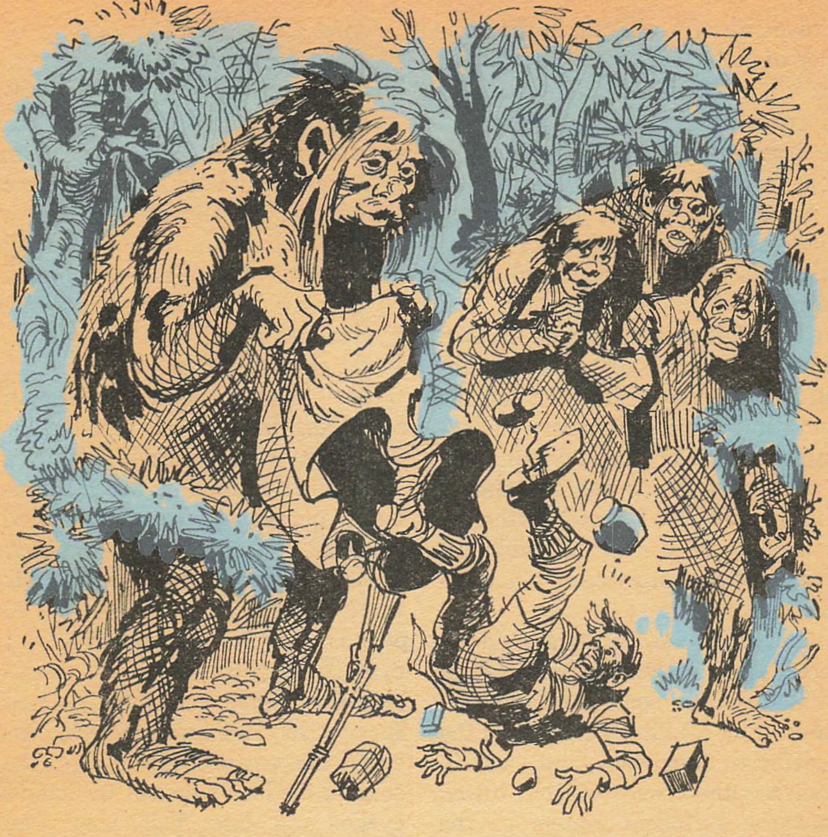
"HAVE YOU anything to declare?" asked the customs officer at the Canadian border. "Only," said the lanky man hunched in the small foreign car, "some Sasquatch footprints in a plaster cast." The customs man looked sharply at the driver, saw he wasn't kidding and shook his head. He knew there was nothing in the rate book remotely like a duty payable on the tracks of a hairy giant. "O.K.," he shrugged and waved the car on.

John W. Green, young publisher of the British Columbia weekly *Agassiz-Harrison Advance* (circulation 700) drove on, crossed the Fraser river 75 miles above Vancouver and arrived home. From his desk he took out a tracing of another huge footprint. It had come from a potato patch 16 miles up river at Ruby Creek in the fall of 1941 and its authenticity was well attested to. Green compared the two. They were not identical, but they were uncannily similar. The plaster casts were the most tangible evidence he had yet come upon in his search for the truth about the Sasquatch. He himself had seen the tracks the casts were made from the previous day on the bank of Bluff Creek in a remote region of Humboldt county, northern California. Down there they knew nothing about the mysterious Sasquatch of British Columbia. They dubbed the

Do huge, ape-like creatures of an unknown type roam the Pacific Northwest? Here is the amazing evidence.



A remarkable story of an encounter with Sasquatch is told by a British Columbia men. He says he was carried away in his sleeping bag, held captive for a week.

walker with the 16-inch footprints simply Mr. Bigfoot and tried to figure out his identity from scratch.

The Sasquatch, all the same, had suddenly become international. He was no longer solely British Columbia's most elusive inhabitant.

Tens of thousands of dollars have been spent on expeditions to the Himalayas to seek the Yeti — the Abominable Snowman. Yet it is doubtful whether more than $1,000 has ever been spent looking for the Snowman's Canadian cousin, the Sasquatch. The only organized expedition was a small one from the

University of California in the summer of 1939. It packed through the mountainous hinterland north of Harrison for a couple of weeks and returned with nothing more than sore feet and mosquito bites.

So far as is known, no zoologists, physical anthropologists or other scientists have ever risked their reputations or devoted their time to a detailed examination of the Sasquatch, although cultural anthropologists studying B.C. Indians are familiar with a variety of legends concerning them. "Bring me a three-foot femur and I'll discuss them," said Dr. Harry Hawthorne, University of British Columbia anthropologist, "otherwise 'No comment.' "

The trail of the Sasquatch is littered with accounts of discoveries of giant bones. Some were reported shipped by a Lillooet coroner to the provincial archives — and lost in transit; others were ordered tossed into the turbulent waters of the Fraser Canyon by a C.P.R. section foreman; others are said to be lying in deep caves along Turtle Valley, east of Kamloops. None has reached competent hands.

And yet, says newspaperman Green, a tongue-in-cheek observer of the Sasquatch scene himself until 1957, there are many more credible eyewitness accounts of the Sasquatch than there are of the Abominable Snowman.

Until the recurrent plodding of Mr. Bigfoot across a forest-access road under construction in Humboldt County, California, Sasquatch enthusiasts did not stand a chance. Although no policeman would have the slightest difficulty drafting a "wanted" bulletin from the many descriptions of the Sasquatch which have come from men and women up and down the Pacific Northwest in the past 75 years.

The police bulletin would read something like this: Sasquatch, alias Seeahtick, alias Wauk-Wauk, alias Te Sami'etl Soquwiam, alias Saskehavis, believed to be a two-footed mammal related to *Homo sapiens;* exact species unknown; height, six to eight feet; weight 300 to 1,200 pounds; complexion, reddish brown; eyes, black; dress, none; distinguishing marks, cinnamon-colored fur precisely one inch in length covering the entire body except the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, eyelids and nose; hair, black and long.

Suspect was first reported as a youth in Fraser Canyon in July, 1884, last seen near Bluff Creek, Calif., in November, 1958.

SOME Indian accounts are as poetic as that of Jimmy Fraser, of the Songhees on Vancouver Island, who recalls bumping into a Sasquatch in his youth while out hunting. The Sasquatch was 18 feet tall and hurled trees at him. "His eyes glowed like the noonday sun and the hair on his body was like moss on the rocks while his voice sounded like the roar of surf from a heavy sea." Others are as prosaic as that of Chief Andy Paull, whose brother-in-law is said to have met a Sasquatch on the highway near Agassiz en route home from a lacrosse match.

The man who first popularized the Sasquatch and lays claim to having christened them in 1927 is John W. Burns, a retired school teacher from the Chehalis Indian reserve a few miles from Harrison, who now lives in San Francisco.

Burns was intrigued by the stories of the Soquwiams, or hairy giants, told him by Chehalis Indians, and wrote a number of true-life adventure - magazine articles about them back in the late 20's and 30's. With his initial publicity and the subsequent calculated attempts to cash in on the Sasquatch as a local tourist attraction, the Harrison district has become the headquarters of the Sasquatch legend.

The first detailed account of a wild and hairy being comes from the Fraser Canyon, not far from Harrison. Alexander Caulfield Anderson, a canny junior executive of the Hudson's Bay Co. at the time, is said to have mentioned wild men hurling rocks down the mountains in 1864 when he was out on a summer expedition seeking a good pack-horse route from Fort Langley to Fort Kamloops. But the first newspaper account came from the Yale correspondent of the *Daily British Colonist* in Victoria on July 4, 1884.

The report chronicled the discovery by the regular C.P.R. train crew, all identified by name, of "a creature who may truly be called half man and half beast." The creature was young and no giant. He had fallen from the bluffs to the side of the right of way and was captured after a chase by engineer Ned Austin, conductor R. J. Craig, express messenger Costerton and the baggageman and brakeman. "Jacko, as the creature has been called, is something of the gorilla type, standing about four feet, seven inches in height and weighing 127 pounds. He has long black, strong hair and resembles a human being with one exception: his entire body is covered with glossy hair about one inch long. His forearm is much longer than a man's and he possesses extraodinary strength, as he will take hold of a stick and break it by wrenching or twisting, which no man living could break in the same way."

Jacko was taken in hand by George Tilbury, who planned to return to England and exhibit him. The article ends with a query about Jacko's origins: "Does he belong to a species hitherto unknown in this part of the continent or is he really what the trainmen first thought he was, a crazy Indian?"

No further word of what happened to Jacko has ever been found, but an elderly resident of Yale last year recalled that the capture of Jacko certainly did take place.

The next encounter occurred inland from Port Hardy in the still remote northern tip of Vancouver Island in 1901. The late Mike King, a timber cruiser and prospector of considerable repute, had headed off into an area none of his Indian bush gang would enter. Atop a lonely gully one day he saw a creature down below him washing two neat piles of roots in a creek. The creature took off rapidly when he scented King. Like many another man before and after, King raised his rifle to shoot what he thought must be a brown bear. The behavior of the creature stopped him. "He was covered with reddish-brown hair," Mike King recalled years later. "His arms were peculiarly long and were used freely in climbing and bush-running. . .while his trail showed a distinct human foot but with phenomenally long and spreading toes."

Three years later, on December 14, 1904, the *Colonist* again carried a story about a Kiplingesque Mowgli or wild boy seen by a party of four hunters on Vancouver Island. The men were all reputable citizens of Qualicum, A. R. Crump, J. Kincaid, T. Hutchins and W. Buss, and they saw the creature midway between Great Central Lake and Comox Lake. "The wild man was apparently young with long matted hair and a beard and covered with a profusion of hair all over the body," they reported.

On March 8, 1907, another newspaper story appeared. The steamer *Capilano*, sailing up the coast of Vancouver Island, was suddenly invaded by terrified Indians fleeing from their native village of Bishop's Cove. They had been scared away by a "monkey-like wild man who appears on the beach at night, who howls in an unearthly fashion between intervals of exertion at clam-digging."

The most improbable and yet the most indestructible eye-witness account of an encounter with Sasquatch dates back to 1924 and is a sworn affidavit from a grizzled, spry widower named Albert Ostman who has lived for many years at Fort Langley.

Ostman's story of his kidnapping by a Sasquatch anxious to find a mate for his daughter was silenced for 30 years by the scornful laughter of his fellow loggers. It was only recently that he sat down with a 10-cent copy book and a pencil stub to recall it in detail.

Ostman was in his 30's when he

was kidnapped. He was travelling alone about five miles into the unpeopled country behind Toba Inlet, 100 miles north of Vancouver, when he discovered his pack, which he had slung in a tree, was being tampered with at night. One night when he was sleeping with his boots and rifle beside him in his sleeping bag, he was picked up, joggled down uncomfortably in the bottom of the sleeping bag and humped helplessly for three hours over a huge shoulder. Eventually he was dumped down and emerged, cramped and breathless, to find himself in a small box canyon high in the mountains. Surrounding him and none too happy about Father's haul for the night were a family of four hairy giants.

His provisions, brought along in his pack by the Sasquatch, Ostman records in detail: four pounds of prunes, six packages of macaroni, three pounds of pancake flour, a one-quart sealer of butter, three rolls of snuff, and other articles. Ostman lived with the Sasquatch family for a week; the old man guarding the narrow defile out of the box canyon, the girl he assumed was his intended mate being extremely shy and the son being naively friendly. Ostman had six shells left for his 30.30 but he did not know whether using it would be murder or even if it would stop the elder Sasquatch.

The box canyon seemed to be merely a temporary base near a plentiful supply of sweet-tasting roots the Sasquatch ate. They had no utensils, used no fire, ate no meat. All they had were some beds or "blankets woven of narrow strips of cedar bark packed with dry moss. They looked very practical and warm—with no need of washing."

Ostman's descriptions of the four Sasquatch were detailed. He estimated the boy's age at "11 to 18 years, about seven feet tall and might weigh 300 lbs. His chest would be 50-55 inches, his waist about 36-38 inches. He had wide jaws, narrow forehead that slanted upward round at the back about four or five inches higher than the forehead . . ." The old man must have been nearly eight feet tall, with a big barrel chest and big hump on his back and powerful shoulders. "His forearms were longer than common people's but well proportioned. His hands were wide, the palms long and broad like a scoop . . . his fingernails were flat like chisels . . . if the old man wore a collar it would be a size 30."

The two males were fascinated by Ostman's simple preparations for his meals and more particularly by his habit of chewing snuff. They eagerly licked the fragments from empty snuff boxes he tossed to them. One morning as Ostman finished his coffee and took a chew of snuff from a fresh box, he passed it to the big Sasquatch for a pinch. Instead the huge man grabbed the box and emptied the entire contents down his throat. Inside a moment the Sasquatch was rolling on the ground looking thoroughly sick. Ostman seized his opportunity and his rifle, headed out of the box canyon, firing a shot over the woman Sasquatch's head, and made his getaway on the run. Two days later he stumbled into a logging camp behind Sechelt.

It wasn't until the fall of 1941 that a Sasquatch paid a visit to civilization and left behind a set of tracks viewed by a number of white people.

George Chapman, an Indian C.P.R. section hand, was living with his young wife Jeannie and their two children, Jimmy and Rosie, in a cabin close by the railroad and the river near the tiny settlement of Ruby Creek. One September afternoon Jimmy came running into the house and shouted excitedly: "Mummy, there's a cow coming out of the woods." Mrs. Chapman looked out the window. Coming across the yard toward the cabin was a monster. It walked easily erect like a man eight feet tall and its ugly face was nearly human. She clutched five-year-old Jimmy, hurriedly found Rosie's shoes and put them on. When she heard the monster banging around in the lean-to shed at one end of the shack she slipped out the door and fled with the children toward the river then along the tracks toward Ruby Creek.

Half-way to the station she met George and the section gang. She was incoherent with fright. They took her to a relative's home and an hour later with their rifles, headed toward the shack, expecting to find a bear's tracks. There were tracks all right, half a mile of them, but no bear had made them. They measured 16 inches in length and eight across the ball of the foot. In the soft earth of the Chapman's potato patch they sank in two inches. The stride varied from four to five feet and shortened slightly but did not falter when it came to the undamaged wire fence along the railroad. They ended at the base of the precipitous rocks known as Ruby Bluffs.

The railwaymen later brought their wives and friends to see the strange tracks. The late Deputy Sheriff Joe Dunn, of neighboring Whatcom County, Wash., visited the scene, traced and measured the tracks and declared later: "I am well satisfied that these tracks were not those of a bear." He added he had seen many bear tracks including those of grizzlies.

Mrs. Chapman refused to return to her home and it has remained empty ever since. She is still haunted by her experience, her father, Jimmy Andrews, of Seabird Island reserve at Agassiz reports. Strangely enough, Jimmy Chapman was later drowned and his sister Rosie died in girlhood, Andrews related. Perhaps this is a coincidence, but not to those who believe it is wise to cover your eyes quickly if ever a Sasquatch crosses your path.

THE LONGEST look at a Sasquatch other than Albert Ostman had during his week with the giant family, is that reported by William Roe, a trapper and bush worker, until a year ago a resident of Edmonton.

His encounter occurred in October, 1955, when he was working on the highway near Tete Jaune Cache in the western Rockies. One day he decided to climb five miles up Mica Mountain to inspect an old mine. He was up there when coming out of some brush into a clearing he saw what looked at first like a grizzly bear 75 yards away. He did not want to shoot it for he had no way of getting it down the mountain, so he sat on a rock, his rifle over his knee and watched. Then it stepped into fuller view. "My first impression was of a huge man six feet tall, almost three feet wide and probably weighing somewhere near 300 pounds. It was covered from head to foot with dark brown silver-tipped hair," he recalls in another sworn statement.

"As it came closer I saw by its breast it was a female. Yet its torso was not curved like a female's; its broad frame was straight from shoulder to hip. Its arms were much thicker than a man's and longer, reaching almost to its knees.

"It came to within 20 feet of where I was hiding, squatted down on its haunches, pulled the branches of bushes toward it with its hands and stripped the leaves with its teeth, which were white and even. The head was higher at the back than front, the nose broad and flat, the lips and chin protruding . . . its ears were shaped like a human's but its eyes were small and black like a bear's. Its neck also was unhuman, thicker and shorter than any man's I have ever seen."

Roe figured that if he shot it he would have a specimen of great interest to scientists the world over. He raised his rifle as the creature caught his scent and began to walk away. Reluctantly he lowered it. "Although I have called the creature 'it,' I felt now that it was human," he says, "and I knew I would never forgive myself if I shot it . . . Whether this creature was a Sasquatch I do not know. It will always remain a mystery to me until another one is found."

In May, 1956, another sight of a suspected Sasquatch, a fleeting one, was reported by auctioneer Stan Hunt, of Vernon. He said he saw a seven-foot man covered with grey hair cross the Trans-Canada Highway ahead of his car near the village of Flood, across the Fraser river from Ruby Creek. A similar beast, "gangly, not stocky like a bear," stood in the bush beside the road.

Of the 20th Century Indian accounts the most intriguing one, recorded by John Burns, is also the one most calculated to thrust the Sasquatch into the realms of the unbelievable. It is the story of how Seraphine Long, a pretty Port Douglas girl of 17 from the head of Harrison Lake, was abducted by a young Sasquatch. He smeared tree gum over her eyes as a blindfold, swam across the river with her and carried her up the mountains to his parents' cave. The Sasquatch treated her well, but she pined for her kinfolk so much that at last her Sasquatch husband, despite the fact that she was now pregnant, took her back to her village. The Sasquatch baby was still-born but the experience could not have been too shattering for Seraphine, who lived to 83 and died during World War II.

In all fairness it should be pointed that the less romantic Indian accounts are prosaic and credible. One of the best authenticated of these was the brief encounter by William Point, a high-school graduate, and his young girl friend, Adeline August, who were walking back home from a hop-pickers' picnic along the C.P.R. tracks outside Agassiz. When they saw a wild giant who "wore no clothing at all and was covered with hair like an animal" approaching them along the tracks, Adeline fled immediately. Point picked up a couple of rocks to hurl at the monster, who was "twice as big as the average man, with arms so long they almost touched the ground," but at a distance of 50 feet his nerve failed him and he ran back after Adeline.

Indians of the region are generally loath to tell their Sasquatch stories as they are understandably sensitive to ridicule, but one aspect is common to most of their recitals. All describe the Sasquatch as once reasonably prolific and numerous but now almost, if not entirely, extinct.

The difficulties science has in accepting even the remote possibility of the Sasquatch's existence are outlined succinctly by Dr. Douglas Leechman, of Victoria, retired Dominion anthropologist and long a student of West Coast Indian lore. The history of the world, he says, is full of myths about giants just as it is of those about wee people, and none has ever proved true. It is utterly improbable, he points out, that out of all these hundreds of legends of giants one should prove true when all others were false.

The few men of huge stature who

have existed were all pathological freaks, mere isolated genetic accidents. Supposing it were possible for a small number of natives from some unknown tribe of giants to survive undetected. Would they begin to grow hair on their bodies to counteract the cold of their mountain hideouts? Not at all likely, says Dr. Leechman. Caucasians, white people, are the hairiest of men. Native races of brown and black-skinned people are essentially smooth-skinned. Their limbs are basically hairless.

What, then, is the Sasquatch? The theory of elaborate mechanical hoax perpetrated at different times and in different parts of the country by different people is easy to advance but hard to justify. To make tracks similar to those attributed to the Sasquatch, renowned science writer Willy Ley has calculated, would require machinery so large and complicated as to prevent its being moved around unnoticed.

The simplest starting point for conjecture is suggested by Dr. Wayne P. Suttles, University of British Columbia anthropologist: If you can satisfy yourself it is not at all a hoax, why not try thinking along the lines of some unknown mammal, not Neanderthal Man or some non-sapient human, not an ape, not a bear, but something entirely new?

* * *

BIRTH OF GENERAL LEE

By J. B. Clark

General Robert E. Lee was born more than a year after his mother's funeral.

General Lee's mother had delicate health and the family physician was kept in constant attendance. She occasionally went into a trance and during one such attack she was pronounced dead. Her body was prepared for burial and her casket later was placed in the family vault.

Some time after the funeral a sexton who was arranging flowers nearby heard a voice that seemed to be calling for help. He had the courage to investigate and traced the source of the voice, opened the casket and found Mrs. Lee alive inside.

Mrs. Lee slowly regained her health and more than a year after her entombment gave birth to her youngest son, Robert E., on January 19, 1807.

* * *

Photo shows Eddie Carnevon not long before his death at the age of six.

Eddie died and was buried—and then appeared a new but apparently identical Eddie. Had he undergone a rebirth?

WHATEVER BECAME OF **EDDIE CARNEVON?**

By Pete Warner
As told to Rayn Shawk

FOR 15 YEARS I have been waiting for Eddie Carnevon.

He was only six years old the last time I saw him but I feel certain I would recognize him at once. Eddie and I are not related but there is a bond between us that is stronger than blood, than time . . . than the grave. I know, because this bond has spanned the grave.

Eddie's story begins in Munich, Germany, in 1928. His father, Steve Carnevon, had travelled to Germany on business; and against their doctor's advice had taken his wife, Margaret, along.

Eddie was born, seven weeks prematurely, while they were in Munich. As soon as Eddie was strong enough to leave the hospital and pronounced ready to travel, the Carnevons returned to their home in Tennessee.

Steve and Margaret gave their son all the love and affection that every couple gives their first born. About a year later they learned they never could have another child, and from that time on they lived only for Eddie.

The Carnevons moved into an apartment on Forster Street in Harrisburg, Pa., in the summer of 1932. At that time Eddie was a sandy haired four-year-old with a contagious happiness. I got to know Eddie and his family the first week they were in their new home. Since I was a bachelor and lived only two doors away, I was a made to order baby sitter. Eddie and I spent many evenings together, reading the funnies and listening to the radio. Sometimes I would take Eddie downtown to a movie or for a bus ride around the city. We were soon the closest of friends; he was my boy and I was his "Uncle" Pete . . . it was the next best thing to having a son of my own.

About Pete Warner

The narrator of this story, shown in the photo at lower right, lives in Lebanon, Pa., where he is in the aluminum siding and storm window business. He has been an auto salesman, a baker, a steel worker and a tool and die maker.

That first summer Eddie and I saw more of Pennsylvania's capital than I had known existed. Some Sundays we went to nearby Hershey Park for a picnic and to ride the carousel and mill chute.

In September, 1934, Eddie was enrolled in kindergarten. This was just about the biggest thing that had happened to him in his short life, and every evening he would stop by my house to tell me what he had learned and done during the day.

It was almost a ritual with him to come over after supper and recite the lessons or the verses he was learning. It almost became a ritual, but not quite . . . Eddie died during the first week of October.

He had fallen while playing and came home complaining of a headache. It didn't seem too serious and his mother decided that if he was all right by morning she'd forget it. Eddie died in his sleep during the night.

It is unnecessary to tell of the sense of loss we all felt. The passing of anyone close is always hard to bear, the death of a child like Eddie is harder.

About a week after Eddie's funeral, however, we were given a new faith. Margaret Carnevon, who could never have another child, was told by her doctor that she was pregnant.

She immediately decided that it would be another boy . . . another Eddie. Somehow her assurance was contagious. Steve and I took it for granted, too, that they would have another son.

Two months later Steve was offered a good job in Buffalo, N.Y. After talking it over with Margaret, he decided to take the offer, and shortly after the New Year they left Harrisburg.

We corresponded regularly and in early June I received a card announcing the birth of Eddie Carnevon. It was a little strange, reading the card announcing the birth of a little boy that I felt I already had known. It was like starting over again. I remember wondering at the time if the new Eddie would be anything like his dead brother. If I had only known . . .

In 1941, about three months before World War II began, I had a chance to know Eddie again. Steve and Margaret had written that they were bringing Eddie to Harrisburg for a visit. Although they had written many letters during the six years they were away, they never had gone into detail when writing about Eddie. I was therefore anxious to meet him, to see how he differed—or resembled—the first Eddie.

The day they arrived in Harrisburg I went to the railroad station to meet them. I arrived in the waiting room just as the passengers were coming up from the train. In the middle of the crowd of pushing, jostling people, I saw a ghost.

Eddie had run ahead of his parents, looking for me probably, and he came bursting through a group of commuters like a miniature tornado. He was his brother's identical twin! We caught sight of each other at the same instant, and while he never had seen even a photograph of me, his face lit up in recognition. He dropped the comic book he was carrying, and ran toward me with his arms outstretched, calling, "Uncle Pete! Uncle Pete!"

I had hardly enough strength to hold him when he leaped into my arms. After he had hugged me several times I managed to pry him loose and stand him on his own feet again.

I stepped back to look at him.

"Have I changed much, Uncle Pete?" he asked.

I was at a loss to answer . . . how does one answer a question like that? I believe I managed to reply with something like: "Not a bit, boy, not a bit."

I was rescued by Steve and Margaret just then, and after handshakes and kisses, we drove to my home. I helped them unpack, and prepared a snack for them, and we put Eddie to bed for some much needed rest.

With Eddie asleep his parents and I sat around the table drinking coffee and talking. Naturally the talk centered around Eddie. Steve told me how from the first day, practically, Eddie had seemed so much like his brother. Margaret added that even his first words were those of the first Eddie. He began walking at the same age, cut his teeth in the same order and with the same amount of trouble. In short, Eddie's life up to now had been a carbon copy of his brother's. Later Steve told me they had lived in unending fear as the time corresponding to the first Eddie's death had approached, and how relieved they had been when the fateful day had come and gone and Eddie was still with them. To them this was proof that the first Eddie was truly taken before his time, that his death had been an accident in more ways than one.

At the time of their visit Steve and Margaret Carnevon were ready to believe that Eddie was really their first son, given back to them in compensation for the sorrow caused by his accidental death. They had hesitated to tell any of their new friends about Eddie for obvious reasons. Instead, they had decided to bring Eddie to their old home for a visit, so that I could meet him and give them my opinion. They were afraid, perhaps, that they were seeing things in their son's behavior that they wanted to believe, but that weren't really there. I was supposed to be the final judge . . . was this the first Eddie, brought back, or was it coincidence?

For the next several days Eddie and I were almost constant companions. I took him to all the places that I had taken the first Eddie; the state museum, the parks in Harrisburg, the many historical sites that abound in this section of Pennsylvania, and most important, to the amusement park in Hershey. All these places the first Eddie and I had seen many times. Now a new Eddie was seeing them with me. But was he seeing them for the first time?

In the beginning I believed these things would be entirely new to him. It was impossible, but Eddie continually pointed out landmarks, made remarks about changes and alterations, and asked to see things of which he could have had no knowledge. I'll swear to my death that he truly had seen all these places—the parks, the museum, the buildings, bridges, and monuments, everything—

The first week of his visit was uncanny. At first I was afraid; it was the fear of the strange, the unknown. Eddie's shining personality, however, drove away my fear and replaced it once again with the same affection I had felt for the first Eddie. It was as though the intervening years had never been. I felt this *was* really the first Eddie, and that we were continuing an old friendship, not beginning a new one. To Eddie also it was as though we were renewing the old bonds.

Several times Eddie ran into children who had known his brother. He knew most of them on sight and spoke to them as to old friends. One can imagine that this caused several trying moments. Once when Eddie met one of the boys he had gone to school with (in his earlier life it would seem) he asked him if he still had the baseball bat that Eddie had liked to use. Eddie said he had used the bat only two or three times, and although he had been too young to take an active part in the games he had liked to swing at the ball.

One afternoon Eddie and I happened to meet the Carnevon's former landlady, a Mrs. Bleistine. Eddie "recognized" her immediately and, calling her by name, asked her how she had been, if she still owned their old house and who lived there now, and on and on. Finally she put her head near mine and whispered, "He's such a fine boy, it's a shame that the fall on his head that time had to stunt his growth." She had been to Eddie's funeral but I believe that the emotional shock of meeting the new Eddie made her forget that the first Eddie had died.

While riding the Mill Chute in Hershey Park during one day of this visit Eddie said, "I liked the boats better when they were white." At this time the boats had been painted green for four or five years. Before that they had, indeed, been white.

In a park in Harrisburg I showed Eddie a sun dial and he asked me, "Where is the bird bath that used to be here?" I had forgotten myself that a bird bath used to stand just there. But Eddie was right.

While walking over a bridge spanning the Susquehanna River running through the city, Eddie remarked to me, "The last time they were just starting this bridge, remember?" And they were. I remembered!

Except for a few uncomfortable moments Eddie's visit turned out to be quite enjoyable. We saw and did things that I hadn't thought about for six years, and to Eddie it was like old times; if a six year old boy can have "old times".

At the end of two weeks Steve had to return to his job, and Eddie had to get back to school. His parents had gotten special permission to take him out of school for two weeks, just so they could make the trip to Harrisburg.

On the way to the train it occurred to me that they were returning home on the sixth of October, the annniversary of the first Eddie's death. I remarked at the time that it seemed like an omen; that I should lose the "same" little friend twice on the same date. Steve laughed and said that I shouldn't be foolish, that they would be back the following summer for another vacation.

Eddie, acting very grown up, shook my hand and said that he was very happy that he could see me "once more". At the time this didn't seem a bit strange. I just naturally accepted Eddie as being Eddie, not as a second son, or a reincarnation, but rather as a little six-year-old boy that, somehow, I had known for nine years. To his parents he was just their son.

After they returned to Buffalo we continued writing each other more or less regularly. In January, 1942, I enlisted in the Navy and I learned later that Steve had gone into the Army. Somehow the letters stopped until one day in December of 1943 when a letter from Margaret caught up with me in the Pacific. Steve had been killed in action somewhere in Italy.

I was discharged in San Diego a couple weeks before the end of the war and immediately flew east. I wanted to be sure that Margaret and Eddie were all right.

I never found a trace of them. Their house in Buffalo had burned to the ground in 1944, but they had moved out earlier in the year. I checked with the post office but they had no record of any forwarding address.

Shortly after I returned to Harrisburg Mrs. Bleistine, the Carnevon's old landlady, stopped by for a visit. She said she had a message for me. Shortly after Steve was killed Margaret and Eddie had visited her for several days. They were on their way to the west coast and asked Mrs. Bleistine to tell me, when I came home, that they were all right and would come back for good as soon as they could manage. Mrs. Bleistine had begged them to stay but Margaret insisted on leaving, taking Eddie with her. She said that she was going to stay with relatives on the coast.

When Mrs. Bleistine told me that

Eddie's head injury was apparently corrected and he was again growing, I told her the truth. She admitted that she seemed to remember a funeral but seemed not quite convinced. I offered to take her to the Zion Lutheran cemetery at 15 South Fourth Street to see Eddie's grave. The next Sunday morning we found an office building where the cemetery had been. In the court house I was told that Edward Carnevon's grave had been removed to the Harrisburg Cemetery Association grounds on Liberty Street. I have never been able to find the new grave.

Several years ago Forster Street was widened and my house and Eddie's old home were demolished to make room. To my knowledge nothing remains of Eddie Carnevon except his memory.

For 15 years I have waited for Margaret and Eddie to return and for 15 years I have been wondering: *What became of Eddie Carnevon?*

Do you know?

◆

MURDEROUS MIRACLE CURE

IN 1957 Marie Hauspiez, 77, of Toulon, France, became bedfast as the result of a mysterious paralysis which doctors were unable to cure. Her husband, Julien, 75, a retired railroad employee, attended to her constantly. He did the shopping, cooking and housecleaning, and in the evenings he sat beside his wife's bed and read to her.

Evidently the strain of these burdens proved too much for Julien Hauspiez. One night recently, according to police who obtained the story, Julien slipped into his sleeping wife's bedroom with a knife, planning to kill her and then to commit suicide. But he was so unnerved by his grim task that he succeeded only in slightly wounding his wife on the head.

She woke, saw her husband standing over her with a knife in his hand. Screaming in horror, she leaped from the bed—the first time she had used her legs in two years.

Hauspiez ran to the bathroom where he had a length of rope in readiness for the rest of his plan. He looped the rope over a hook above the door and hanged himself.

However, a neighbor who had arrived in answer to Mrs. Hauspiez's screams cut the rope and revived Hauspiez with artificial respiration. Doctors later announced that Hauspiez was in no danger and that his wife apparently had recovered from her paralysis as a result of the murder attempt.

The POTTERY WENT A-DANCING

A poltergeist apparently was calling the tune when objects in this Baltimore home did the rock-'n-roll

By Harlan Wilson

THE MYSTERY began about 11 a.m. on Thursday, January 14. Fifteen miniature pottery pitchers had been sitting on the shelf in the dining room. For no apparent reason they all exploded simultaneously.

For the next several days the events in the house at 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, Md., defied rational explanation.

They began with a characteristic action by the family's dog, Kristi. Mrs. Theodore C. Pauls, who lives in the home with her husband, her 17-year-old son Ted, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Jones, described how the dog behaved.

"Kristi would begin to claw at us and then we would know something was going to happen. But we don't really know why."

The events that Kristi foretold were the phenomena that are typically attributed to "poltergeists"—variously called "noisy ghosts" and "split-off portions of the psyche."

A flower pot shaped like a shoe jumped from a shelf in the dining room through a window and landed on the windowsill outside. A sugar bowl "leaped" about four feet to dump its contents in the candle holders of the chandelier.

In the living room, a brass incense burner left its place on a bookshelf and landed about six feet away. In the kitchen a plant jumped out of its holder on a wall and fell onto the table below.

Ice tea glasses toppled off a shelf. Ash trays dropped to the floor from the top of the refrigerator. A bag of manure in the basement fell to the floor. A can of soup fell from a shelf. Wall pictures smashed to the floor.

Mrs. Pauls took some valuable miniature pottery pieces off the shelves in her bedroom and placed them on top of her bed. They were smashed right there.

"I tell you, it's got us crazy. We're scared to death," Mrs. Jones declared. "I hope someone can do something for us. We're all going to be sick."

Mr. Jones observed that the phenomena "follow us wherever we go. We hear the crashes but we've never been around when they happen."

BALTIMORE newspaper reporters, more sophisticated than most, immediately concluded that if the events were happening in the Jones-Pauls home as described, they were probably due to "poltergeist" phenomena.

They reported additional damage in the home. Seven bottles of soft drinks exploded in the basement; a can of sauerkraut fell off a shelf and hit Mr. Jones on the head; a small table fell down the stairs; a stack of kindling wood "exploded."

And since the Baltimore reporters have heard about psychic phenomena, they began to look about for an "agent" who might be responsible for "poltergeist"-caused occurrences. The Baltimore *Evening Sun* quoted Prof. William Henry Salter, the famed psychical researcher, to the effect that "poltergeist cases show a degree of uniformity which is remarkable. The agent is often a girl, less often a boy, rarely an adult." They also mentioned Professor Salter's view that when investigators appear on the scene the manifestations usually stop.

But a red hot "poltergeist" case doesn't happen every day and reporters converged on the house. Some came from Washington and some from even farther afield.

The "agent" appeared obvious to them. It was probably 17-year-old Theodore C. Pauls, they decided. They observed that Ted "stays in the house most of the time" and seems interested in science fiction.

Ernest B. Thurgurson of the Baltimore *Sun* declared in a bylined story that Ted was the only completely undisturbed occupant of the house.

"Ted sat in his rocker in front of the TV set, just listening not talking, his arms crossed across his chest, a stack of science fiction books alongside his feet. He rocked, and rocked, and rocked," Thurgurson wrote.

While other members of the family talked excitedly Ted just sat there. All kinds of theories were proposed. Someone asked Ted if he had any ideas.

"No," he said.

Ted was asked if, as a science fiction fan, he thought what was happening in the house would make a good science fiction story.

"No," he said.

A reporter mentioned to Ted that phenomena like these do happen in households where there is "an adolescent" around to create unused psychic energy.

No comment.

Thurgurson reported that Ted did not appear to object to the word "adolescent." However, his rocking speeded up.

It turns out that Ted has been such a devoted science fiction fan that he has edited his own fan magazine—of the type called "fanzines" by science fiction addicts. In one of his fan magazines, called *"Fanjack 2"*, Ted mentioned some of the books he reads, including *"Mad"* Magazine, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Fire Prevention," "Witchcraft in America," "The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects," and Jack Kerouac's "The Beat Generation."

One reporter finally asked Ted directly, "You are doing all this, aren't you, Ted?"

"No sir," said Ted.

The reporters seemed to feel that the existence of "poltergeist" phenomena in a house where a young boy was both a science fiction fan, a UFO fan, and had an interest in psychic phenomena was too much of a coincidence.

Ted's reply to this line of inquiry was:

"But I'm not doing it, I tell you. Besides, it would be a whole lot worse if I had a chemistry set down there in the basement blowing up a lot of things, wouldn't it?"

Later on, the boy issued a more formal explanation for his keeping his lip buttoned.

Travis Kidd and Michael Naver, writing in the *Evening Sun* on Thursday, January 21, quoted Ted as follows:

"The explanation . . . for my lack of comment on the strange happenings . . . does not come from my being passive toward the mess but rather from being introverted. I just cannot speak at length with people whom I have not been acquainted with for some time."

Mrs. Jones' maid, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, stated that she watched a cardboard shoe box rise from a bed and then fall on some potted violets, crushing the leaves. This appears to be the one instance in which there was an actual eyewitness to the phenomena.

Meanwhile, as is usual in such cases, all manner of substitute theories were proposed.

One man, a moving-van driver who described himself as a "ghost neutralizer," began to pray around the rooms in such a loud voice that he was ejected. He phoned later to say that he was lighting candles and continuing prayer to "purify" the house.

Stanley P. Greenfield, who runs a television and radio repair shop, announced that the culprit is really a big storm drain that runs behind the Jones house. He said that the pipe acted like a resonator, occasionally hitting just the right pitch to make things bounce or shatter. If so, the dog Kristi is the only one who hears it.

It was also variously proposed that the phenomena were caused by mysterious radio waves, an underground stream, a magnetic field set up by the electrical wiring, and just plain ghosts.

Douglas Dean, a researcher for the Parapsychology Foundation, arrived to gather data and take photographs. A few days later, Dr. Nandor Fodor, a New York psychoanalyist and psychic investigator (and FATE author) also appeared on the scene.

Whatever the conclusions may be, it will take some tall explaining to give an answer to such events as these, all of which occurred in the home within a half hour:

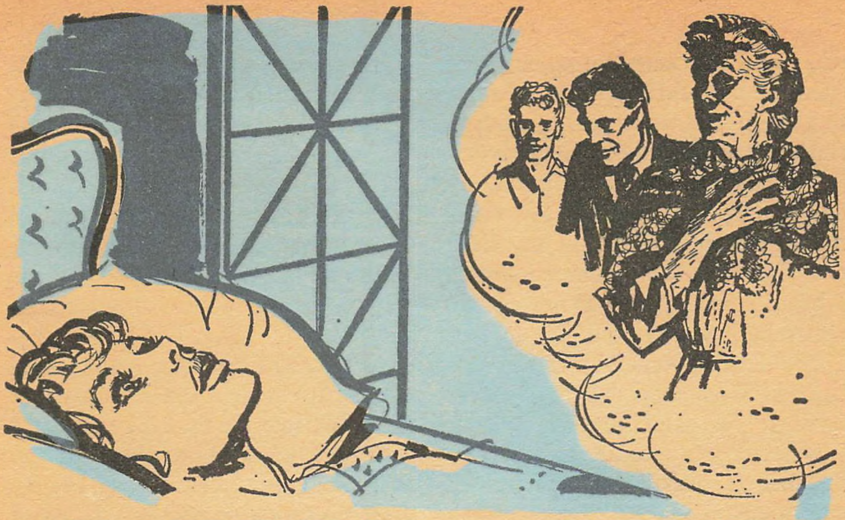
(1) the dining room chandelier "went crazy;" (2) a basement lamp toppled over; (3) an artificial Christmas tree took a two-foot free flight; (4) mop handles fell off the wall; (5) an ash tray exploded; (6) another ash tray cracked; (7) a stack of coasters flew around the room; (8) a flower pot cracked.

Things were really "jumping" around the Jones home,, but explanations, as in most "poltergeist" cases remained indeterminate, confused, and there "was always that element of doubt."

* * *

LIFE IN ANTARCTIC ICE

ONE OF the most sensational discoveries by U.S.A. research teams in Antarctica was that of disease germs alive in ice 100 feet below the surface. Dr. Sidney Tolchin, a Navy Medical officer, reported that the bacteria appeared to be frozen into a state of suspended animation, but came to life and multiplied when warmed in a culture broth. He identified them as staphylococcus germs and estimated they were at least 100 years old because of the depth at which they were found. The find appears to indicate that life exists—perhaps for indefinite stretches of time—at far colder temperatures than scientists previously thought possible.



My GUESTS from BEYOND

By Patricia Arbatch

As they came my dying daughter laughingly welcomed them. They filled the room with sound and motion—and yet were invisible.

"THE WORLD NEEDS this blessed assurance. It is your duty to share your experience with all who grieve," our minister urged me.

My religious training started at birth. In fact I was not aware of it being a separate training. It was a way of life. Long before school books entered my life I learned to read from a prayer book. Psalms were poetry I enjoyed.

My first test came when I was 12 years old. Mother was in the hospital and I knew she was very ill. But at 12 one is hopeful; I believed Mother would recover.

Early morning of August 29, 1912, I was awakened by Mother's voice saying, "Get up, Dear, and pray."

I opened my eyes and saw Mother standing by my bed. She was dressed in her usual black skirt and white blouse and looked the same as always. While I wondered when and how she had come home from the hospital and made no move to get up, she spoke again, "Get up child and pray. I need your prayer."

I rolled out and knelt beside my bed. Loggy with sleep, my arms resting on the bed, I put my head down on them and slumped. Again I heard Mother say, "Don't slouch, remember you're talking to the Lord." I straightened up as she continued, "Remember, God will never forsake you and neither will I. Whenever you are in trouble, remember to pray," and she walked out of my room.

A few minutes later as I climbed back in bed I looked at the clock. It was 5:45 A.M.

Unable to go back to sleep I got up to search for Mother. She was not in any of the other rooms and I went to her room where Father was sleeping alone. Father was awake. I asked him where Mother was, when had she come home from the hospital?

Father reached for me and drew me to him. He told me that Mother wasn't home. He had been awakened by something brushing past his face. Something that felt cold and warm at the same time.

I told him about Mother being in my room and how she had talked to me and we both knew that Mother was dead. An hour later we were notified by the hospital that Mother had died at 5:45 A.M.

Years later science and love fought a losing battle for my daughter's life. For two years my prayers bore the insincere post-script, "Thy will be done." At times when the ever present fear threatened to overwhelm me, the memory of Mother's last visit hovered over me like a benediction, softening the inevitable blow.

My daughter, Viola, had crossed the border on trial excursions many times during the last five days of her life. Each time she returned with news of indescribable beauty and unimaginable wonders. It would take a book to tell all the things she saw as future events, things of worldwide significance which subsequently transpired. I intend to touch upon only a few relating to my personal life.

Viola and I had always been close. However, during her illness day and night I anticipated her every need. She was my only child and why should death choose this lovely, brilliant 23-year-old college graduate?

For five days my daughter had been puzzled by the things she saw and heard. The first was music.

"Mother, where is this music, this beautiful music coming from?" she asked.

I heard no music.

"It's such beautiful music. I've never heard anything like it before," she said.

She knew music and loved it, but this was something new. The next day she found its secret.

"Mother," she cried joyously, "this is heavenly music. There is nothing like it on earth. There are no instruments on earth to play like this. Mother, is it real?" she asked.

Later she described beautiful scenes, palaces, gardens of beautiful flowers and wonderful fragrance. Each time she asked, "Is it real?" And even though I couldn't see the blossoms I could smell the fragrance.

She questioned everything she saw and heard. And it was given to her to see and hear much before she moved on into the other realm. She didn't accept the reality of her faith any easier than most people do.

"Don't be surprised if she slips away from you tonight," said the kindly old doctor on November 6, 1940. Science and love had lost the battle but there was no victory for death. The agony of waiting for death was removed from me by a miracle.

"Mother, did I know my grandmothers?" Viola asked early in the afternoon on her last day.

"No, dear, they were both dead long before you were born," I answered.

"Well, there are two such lovely ladies here. They say they are my grandmothers. Mommy, they are beautiful. And, Mommy, your mother says to tell you to write to your dad. He's not well and he will come to us in May. It will make him happy to hear from you," my daughter relayed this message.

My father was in northern Michigan, while we lived on the west coast. Pre-occupied with my daughter's illness I had not written to my father for almost two years and was not aware he was ailing.

Soon Viola welcomed two of her cousins, Julia, who had been killed in an auto accident at the age of 16, 11 years before, and Martha who had died of accidental burns at the age of six, 17 years previously.

"Mother, Julia and Martha are here. Martha is grown up, Mother. Can you see them?" my daughter was so thrilled, so obviously happy, she trembled with joy.

I could not see them. But I felt their presence. There was no doubt some special phenomenon was taking place. I seemed to feel numbed, as if I were above my body. At times I knew what they were saying, although I couldn't hear, I often felt their answers.

"Mother, Julia says Bob is coming to us in January." Bob was Julia's 24-year-old brother who was well at the time.

"Do you mean Bob is coming from Chicago to Los Angeles to live with us out here?" I asked.

"No, Mother! He's coming with us," she answered. She was identifying herself with those on the other side.

"Mother, Julia says Ed is coming to us in March." Ed was a 27-year-old friend who was well and working at the time.

"Mommy, your mother says to tell you that when your father comes to us, you will be very ill and in the hospital. It will be about a year after that before you go to Michigan to settle your dad's estate and you will live there a long time. Not always, but a long time," Viola relayed my mother's message to me.

Now apparently more guests arrived. Viola laughingly welcomed them.

"Mother, guess who's here!" she commanded. "Padre, is here," she said. Apparently this was a moment of great significance.

"Padre?" I echoed.

"You know! Reverend Dresser." She named our former pastor who had died four years before. He had been dearly loved and sorely missed by the young people of our church.

"Padre says I'm going soon. He says he will take me through."

"Through what, dear?" I asked.

She hesitated a moment, then said, "I can't tell you. Padre says not to worry. He will take me through," then she added, "Mother, is it real?" I wished I knew.

Before I could answer she said, "Padre says its real and I know Padre wouldn't lie to me."

There was no sadness. My daughter was with loved ones. She was ready to go with them.

"You want to kiss me, Mommy?" she asked wistfully.

I leaned over and kissed her, wishing I could accompany her.

"Poor Mommy. Don't feel sad. It's wonderful here. I won't go far until you come over. I'll meet you." She rubbed her cheek against mine.

As the clock pointed to midnight, my daughter gasped a joyous, "Bye, bye, Mommy, I'm going now."

It is hard to describe this scene. While I saw nothing tangible, there were lights and shadows and movement. It was like sitting in a room full of people from whom I was separated by a curtain. I felt like I imagine a blind person feels in a crowd of people.

When my daughter's lifeless form lay still the activity didn't cease at once. There was movement and sound, a soft swishing like wind among trees or rain dripping through leaves; or like people whispering too far away to be heard distinctly.

I don't know how long I sat captivated by this mystery of life in death when I sensed a change. I knew they were all leaving. I felt a current of vibrant warmth pass me, followed by a draft of cold, clammy fog that settled over the room. The curtains at the windows fluttered and I shivered with the sudden change in temperature. I wanted to run after them shouting, take me along! Don't leave me here! My cold emptiness was beyond tears.

While I sat with my clenched hands pressed to my breast I felt something warm enfold me. And I heard a soft whisper, "Not yet, not for a little while yet."

Strengthened, consoled, if not at peace, I stood up and pulled the sheet over the face once so lovely and loved. I was surprised to feel an aversion to this body I once identified as my daughter. But I knew my child was not here any more.

Padre's family was overjoyed. "It is a message from beyond," they said.

But few other friends even pretended belief. Some spoke of hallucinations induced by high fever on my daughter's part. Others mentioned an over-active imagination on my part. I was soon thought "queer" and before people began to shun me I decided to say nothing more.

If it had all ended with Viola's death, perhaps even I could have questioned the authenticity of my experience. However, hallucination hardly explains the following events as forecast by Viola before she went away.

In January Bob, my nephew, got an infection and died after a two week illness.

One Sunday in March Ed, who had been working in the garden, came into the house complaining of a beastly headache. He lay down on the living room couch and when his mother looked in a few moments later she found him unconscious. Shortly after he reached the hospital he died of cerebral hemorrhage.

In May, when the telegram bearing the message of my father's death reached my home, I was in the hospital undergoing major surgery. It was April of the following year before I left the West Coast for Michigan where I now reside.

My experiences have given me an inner peace. I do not say I never feel loneliness because of this separation. But I know the heartache is mine and mine alone. My sorrow is induced by the temporary withdrawal of loving companionship.

We have God's promise that, "All things work for the good of them that love the Lord." Even death is good since it opens the gates to the beautiful life beyond.

~

TWELVE WHO SAW CHRIST

The face looked out from a group of trees—and 12 witnesses swear it was the face of Christ.

By A. Millward

THE MORNING of June 5, 1959, was just like any other morning in the village of Edmondsley, County Durham, England. Mr. Norman Snaith rose as usual at his residence in Beechville, Bermondsey, and as usual pulled aside the curtains prior to sitting down to his breakfast.

What he saw was such a surprise that he never did eat breakfast.

In a clump of trees about 200 yards away he saw the face of Christ looking down across the fields. Forty-nine-year-old Mr. Snaith said, "I sat down to breakfast but I could not take my eyes off the face."

He called Mrs. Ann Liddle who lodges with him and asked her if she could see anything. He states, "She saw the face too and so did a man at the bus stop outside the house."

Very soon afterwards Mr. Edward Anderson, who runs a general store in the village, was knocking at the door and he too saw the face.

He was followed by the village constable, Wilfred Parker, the fifth person to confirm the fact that the face was indeed there.

Mr. Snaith said, "When I first saw the face I thought I was going out of my mind but when the policeman saw it too I knew I must be right." He added that although he is not a religious man he has no doubt that this was a vision of Christ.

Altogether a dozen persons swear that they saw the face of Christ and during the whole of that morning in June last year, people were knocking at Mr. Snaith's door wanting to see the vision.

THE MAN WHO FLED THE DEVIL

A STRANGE story is told about a grave in the shadow of a huge rock in Polk Township, Jefferson County, Pa. In the early 1850's, according to the official version of the story, compiled by John Larimer of Sigel in 1936, a man named Richard Slyhoff lived in the territory surrounding the rock. Slyhoff was said to have led such a sinful life that there was no doubt the Devil would get him when he died.

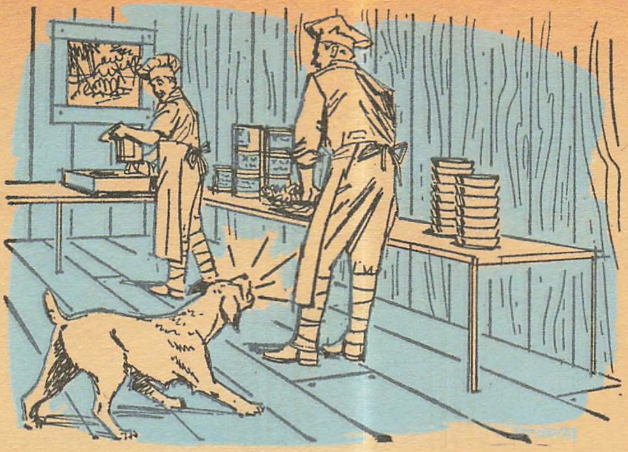
When Slyhoff felt his end approaching, it is related, he conceived the idea that a certain huge rock in the country some distance from him offered an escape. The rock leaned far over, at an angle of about 45 degrees, looking as if it would fall at the slightest tremor of the earth.

Slyhoff reasoned that if he were buried beneath the overhanging rock he would be protected from the Devil on Judgment Day. For as the earth trembled and the dead came forth from their graves, the rock would fall and completely hide his own grave.

When Slyhoff died on January 2, 1867, he was buried under the leaning rock as was his wish. The rock leaned over so far that the gravediggers placed the coffin in its final resting place only with much difficulty.

The amazing part of the story is that since Slyhoff was buried in 1867 the rock is reported to have moved steadily away from the grave. It had drawn away considerably by 1936, when John Larimer related the story, and has moved even more in the 24 years that have followed. Visitors to the grave readily may observe that if the rock were to fall today, there is little possibility that it would cover Slyhoff's resting place.

* * *



I Owe My Life to a Dog

Our army cook shed seemed in no immediate danger from enemy shells. Why did "Snuffer" insist that we leave?

By J. P. J. Chapman

MOST PEOPLE, at some time or other, have had such narrow escapes from death that seconds were of vital importance. Personally I have had quite a few narrow squeaks; my most memorable escape I owe to a dog.

It happened in late October, 1918. I was a mechanic in an Air Squadron. The Germans were in heavy retreat. I was sent, with some other men, to an advance emergency landing ground behind Cambrai. There were perhaps 25 of us in all. Extra hands in the cook house worked on a rota basis. Eventually, of course, my turn came.

The cook house was nothing more than a knock-up tin shanty, one end open, where one got boiled on one side and frozen on the other.

The Squadron had picked up a hungry mongrel some months before. He was such a lovable dog that he was unofficially "put on the strength". Naturally, he knew what was good for him and spent most of his time in the cook house—unless he was fighting with some interloper who wanted to muscle in.

Snuffer, as he was soon named because of his favorite activity, selected a few personal friends. I was honored to be one of these.

The emergency landing ground was rather a hot spot, in full view of German Observation "Sausages" five miles in front of us. But, perhaps as no effort had been made to put up a "show", Jerry left us alone.

On my day in the cook house as general factotum, helping the so-called cook, about two miles on the other side of the German lines Jerry had a long range gun. It was our job to spot and if possible put it out of action. This gun was not fired at any particular target but shells were lobbed over at various points in the hope of a "hit". At about 11 A.M. a couple of shells burst a quarter of a mile away.

"Cor! Blimey!" remarked our Cockney cook. "Gettin' a bit 'ot ain't it, mate?"

I said there was consolation in the fact that the one that had our number on it we would never hear!

Shortly after this our dog got restless, walking around the boilers, in and out of the shed, and generally acting fussy. Finally he sat down and started to howl like a forlorn wolf.

"Well, strike me pink! Wot's the matter with the dawg ter day?" asked cook.

"Seems to me," I replied, "he knows something we don't."

After about five minutes of steady howling the dog got up and went over to cook and turned around and around his legs. A few moments later Snuffer came over to me and started barking furiously. I bent down to stroke him, wondering what it was all about. No sooner did I put out my hand than the dog took it in his mouth—very gently—and gave every indication that he wanted to get me out, that I should come away with him.

I looked at cook and said, "Here, come on, Bill. He's got a line somewhere. Let's follow. The grub won't be any more spoilt for a while."

The dog let go of my hand and we followed him to a shell hole about 25 yards from the cook house. In we went. After we were there some few minutes Bill thought he would go. The dog immediately became quite fierce, showed his teeth and growled. Bill sat back down. Snuffer subsided.

It was not too bad in the hole, protected from the nasty wind. We had some fags, so smoked away the time. But after a few minutes more Snuffer looked up at the sky, then looked at me. Immediately we heard a whine and then a terrible crash. A shell had hit the cook house right plumb in the middle. Bill and I sat just looking at each other. After this "event" the dog took no further interest in us. He got up and rushed to the wreckage of the demolished cook house to forage for what he could find. It was doubtless the biggest "blow out" he had for many a day.

Some time later, after we entered Germany, I became a hospital case. Before going, I went to Snuffer and told him it was goodbye. I think he understood. He licked my hand and sat back on his haunches and let off the most dismal howl I have ever heard.

Well, that was more than 40 years ago, but I can still see every bit of it, every plank and sheet of iron, just as if it had been yesterday. Snuffer was a wonderful dog and one of Nature's gentlemen. If ever a dog deserved a "Doggy Heaven," with a super cook house, he did. I hope he has one!

◆

MYSTERY OF THE SHINING CROSS

INVESTIGATORS reportedly were baffled by a light, shaped like a cross, which shone on the bedroom door in the home of the Leonard Page family in Detroit, Mich.

The cross, according to Floyd Thoms, who reported on the phenomenon in the December 31, 1959, issue of the Detroit *Times*, measured about two feet across and three and a half feet high. It was first seen on the door by the Page family on December 28. The door opens into the bedroom of the Page's daughter Carol, 19, who is described as a very religious girl.

Mrs. Page, 40, said that at first she thought the cross resulted from streaks of some sort on the door. She made several attempts to scrub it away with soap and water, but the cross remained. She and her five children are recent converts to the Catholic religion.

Mrs. Page said that just before the cross was discovered she and her family had been discussing religious matters. The bedroom light bulb, she added, had been left on many times and, although there were numerous opportunities for a cross to be reflected on the door, none was seen.

Some visitors to the Page home express belief that the cross on the bedroom door is just a reflection from an electric light bulb against a mirror. They say they found that when the light is turned off the cross disappears. The cross also disappears when thin material is hung over the mirror.

However, when a thick object, such as an arm, is placed on the mirror, the cross continues to shine. The mirror shows no imperfections which might explain how the cross is produced.

The brackish water from the holy well in Mecca produced an evil effect when an "unbeliever" drank a glass of it.

Unholy Well Water

By W. J. Brands

THAT YEAR I took my week's holiday at Tjimahi, on the mountainous plateau of the Preanger in central Java. The climate there is like our British climate in July. What had attracted me on my passing through before was a swimming pool which lay like a blue jewel in a garden, amid flowering rose bushes. Here and there stood a rustic table where drinks and short meals were served.

During my visit, I became acquainted with the Javanese lady who ran the place. She was the housekeeper of a Dutch officer, a widower, who was absent in Holland but had left his two sons in her care. As engineer for the Dutch State Railway, doing surveying and construction, I felt I had earned this holiday.

One morning after I had my swim she and the two boys sat with me at a table. During our chat I told her that I had seen some very good photographs of Mecca in an American magazine. She said, "How is that possible? No Christian has ever visited the place."

I contradicted her and explained that Sir Richard Burton had been there, as well as the Dutch Professor Schnurre Honjkes. Both had written books describing their adventures. As further proof I remarked, "For example, the holy well, Shem Shem, in which every pilgrim has to bathe is of brackish water."

"Oh, no!" she almost shouted. "It is sweet like honey."

Then she left and returned with a bottle shaped like a Benedictine bottle and made of dark green glass. Over the cork was a red seal bearing an Arabic inscription. She also threw a heap of colored, lentil-shaped stones on the table.

"These stones are from Mecca," she informed me, "and the bottle contains Shem Shem water. A Hadji (pilgrim) brought it back from Mecca and gave it to me."

"Well, if you taste the water," I said, "you will find that it is bitter."

"I shall prove to you that you are wrong," she replied. She fetched a cork screw and two liqueur glasses and opened the bottle. She filled the glasses and the liquid was a dirty yellowish color. She tasted it and said, "You are right. It is bitter." Then giving me a sly smile she said, "Are you not drinking your glass? Are you afraid of an Afrit? (ghost)?"

I thought of all the leprous and sick people who had bathed in the water but I accepted her challenge and drank the bitter stuff.

On returning to my hotel I felt bad and later on sent for a doctor. He decided the following day that I had jaundice of a kind he never had seen before. I spent three weeks in the hospital.

When I finally was released I called on the Javanese lady. She had not suffered a bit, but was hale and hearty.

Without doubt, I was the victim of the water being an "unbeliever". I am convinced that this was the reason why the Mohammedan lady escaped. It could not have been a case of poisoning, as the bottle was unsealed in my presence and the two small glasses of which I had the choice, were clean.

On the other hand, owing to the frequency of poisoning in Java, the Dutch had an expression for the crime. They called it "Pill No. 11." I had to use the name myself once.

At the time I was working in Medan, Sumatra, as assistant chief engineer of the railroad, the Medan-Deli Spoorweg Mij. The managing director, Mr. Radesma, had been my chief on the Java government line and when he transferred to Sumatra he took me with him. I was then, in 1914, living just outside Medan. My bungalow was a lonely place, my nearest neighbors being the occupants of the Mohammedan cemetery. I even had three graves in my garden, due to a mistake made while I was away for a few days.

My chief servant was a tall Malay. He lived at the back of the house with his wife who was pregnant. Suddenly, events began to happen. First my kitten died, then my monkey and finally my dog. I could not understand the reason.

One day at lunch I tasted something gritty in my vegetables. I spat out the mouthful and examined the dish. There seemed to be some bright, tiny crystals in it. A magnifying glass proved that they were crushed glass. I called the servant and said to him, "You have poisoned my cat!"

"Treemah," (I accept this as true), he replied.

"You poisoned my monkey."

"Treemah."

"You have poisoned my dog."

"Treemah."

"Now you are trying to poison me."

"No, Tuan."

"Anyhow, here are your wages and you will leave now."

I followed him to make sure that he did not enter the kitchen again to leave me some unpleasant souvenir. When he stood ready packed, with his wife, before me I gave him his service book.

In Sumatra each servant had a book with his photograph. You were allowed only to enter the time of the man's service, no criticism of his work. I wondered what to do. His next employer might fall a victim to the murderer. He had wisely thrown away the dish so that I had no proof. But at last I had an idea. Behind the date of his service with me I wrote, "Pill No. 11." That was all I could do.

Later I learned that there existed a belief in Sumatra that for every new soul, like the expected soul of my servant's expected baby, room had to be made on earth. I was lucky not to supply it.

⁂

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GENIUS

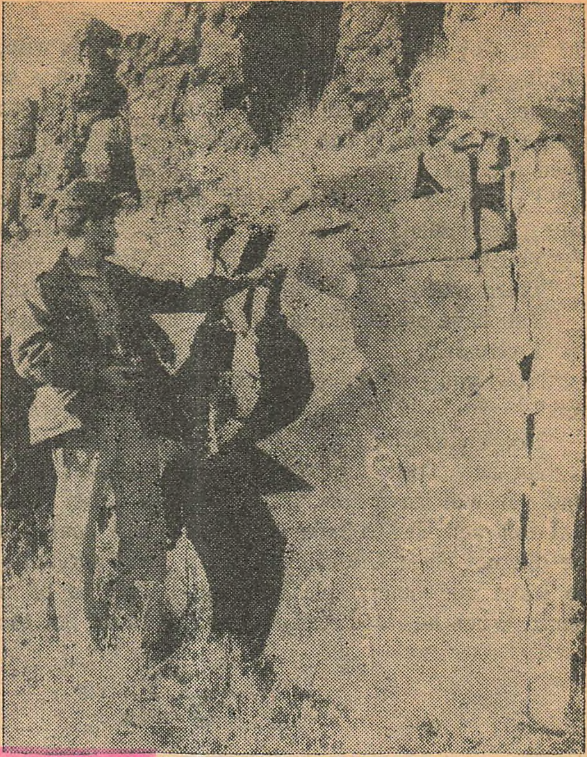
By David Gunston

Young Christian Heineker (1771-1775) was undoubtedly the prodigy to end all prodigies. Born in Lubeck, Germany, in very poor circumstances, he is said to have been able to speak intelligently when he was only a few *hours* old.

By the time he was two his brain was such that few adults could match his wit. He knew the Bible inside and out even before that time. When he was three he knew as much history and geography as almost anybody in his native land. He could speak Latin, Greek, and French, as well as his native German.

However, some months before he reached the age of four it became evident that his flame, burning with supernatural intensity, was beginning to flicker. And pathetically, the little genius, lonely, exhausted and realizing that his days on earth were numbered, predicted his own death would occur within the year.

He did, in fact, die while he was still only four years old.



Bill Dailey examines glassy basalt outcropping bearing carvings discovered by explorers club of which he and author are members.

ASIATIC ROCK CARVINGS IN AMERICA?

By Rex Eidson

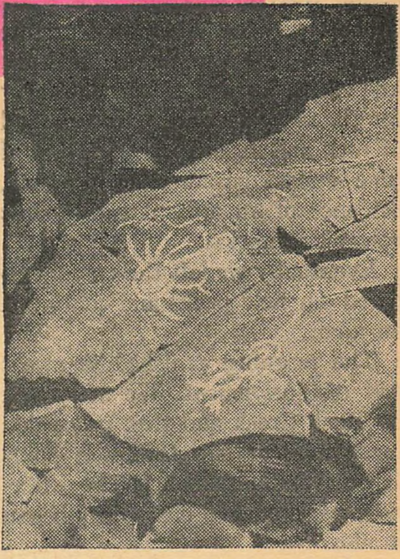
AT ONE TIME or another, most of us have wondered what the very early citizens of North America were like. Five of us, Bill, Eric, Pete, Doug and myself (members of an explorers club in Portland, Ore.), had a chance one day late in November of 1957 to catch a fleeting glimpse of human North America—15,000 B.C.!

Petroglyphs found carved on rocks in Washington State by members of an explorers club may hint at a link with ancient India.

We had descended by car from the bluffs of the mid-Columbia, called the Goodnough Hills area, some 20 miles southeast of Goldendale, Wash. We slowed through the rustic, almost ghost village of Goodnough. Thence we proceeded several miles on a winding, single-track road carved from nearly vertical banks of a vast, glacier-slashed terrain. The morning air was bright, clear, sunny.

We were searching for a virgin cave which a powerline surveyman had spotted. Although our information was third-hand we still believed it to be reliable. We hoped to find some startling vestige of a previously unknown culture, such as Doctor Cressman found in a cave some 150 miles south. In a cave of volcanic origin he dug out of dry sand beautifully plaited grass sandals proven, by the carbon 14 test, to be some 9,000 years old.

About half way down the great arroyo, we passed between manikin posts. These are grotesque, straw-stuffed images of men molded around sturdy wooden shafts. They stand close on either side of the road as if to ward off evil spirits. We eventually found ourselves out on a narrow valley-shelf split by the solitary track of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle railroad. Manikins also guarded the road crossing over the track. In places, the ragged bench was almost on a level with the great river flowing somber-



These were among more unusual carvings found. Lower one is thought to be of a human figure in ceremonial headdress.

ly down the gorge to the Pacific Ocean 250 miles west.

This is wild, desolate, unsurveyed territory, uninhabited except for about 100 Indians and one white couple who live in a small frame house on the river side of the track and operate a post office exclusively for the native populace. It is a land of rock and sand. Cliff upon cliff of time-scarred basalt rears skyward, evidence of an ancient cataclysmic volcanic eruption.

Eventually we left the car, shouldered our field packs and continued on afoot.

The morning vanished in sweat and disillusionment. We ate lunch by Rock Creek and then proceeded for a mile or two toward a point called "Indian Rock." The afternoon wore on and our spirits began to ebb.

Then, at the last moment, a flicker of interest caused us to move toward a series of small cliffs fronting the river. In all, this particular welt of basalt was about a half mile in length, paralleling the river. We cut wearily across a rock-ragged, hole-strewn meadow, riverward from the lonely railroad track on its high grading. Our angling brought us out at the easternmost end of the first segment of cliffs.

Though the series continued east to Indian Rock, there was a decided break at this point. As we rounded the rock mass, jarring our leg-bones in the descent of the ragged-step escarpment to the riverside lane, we were brought up short by petroglyphs!

There before us, almost within reach, were the unmistakable characters, badly weathered in places yet readily distinguishable as the work of human intelligence.

In places the cliff had crumbled. At the edges of these places we could see remnants of glyphs and white-pigmented pictographs and knew that the rest of the carvings and paintings—and who knows how much else?—were buried beneath tons of fallen rock.

Many of the glyphs were sheltered by wind-stunted shrubs and trees. Most of them were very old. In other field trips up and down the Columbia River we had seen innumerable petroglyphs which could be classified into several distinct ages or eras (a few obviously the efforts of contemporary pranksters). But here were designs and symbols which we had not seen before.

One of the most unusual groups of these rock carvings was of a dozen or more six to eight-inch ladders. All were depicted in upright positions and on numerous levels, rising to a height of some 15 feet. It was as if the long-gone sculptor were reaching higher and higher for something which always eluded him.

There is nothing else in the immediate vicinity to indicate whether the ladders were meant to suggest cliff dwellings. But as there are no traces whatsoever of cliff dwellings in this part of the country, one is constrained to suppose they must have some other significance.

Picking our way among the boulders we skirted a jutting portion of the cliff and stopped dead. Leaping out at us, partly in bright sunlight, was a startling apparition. For a long moment no one spoke. Only the ageless lapping of the river on the shore continued uninterrupted.

"Shades of Brahma!" exclaimed Bill softly.

Then we clambered forward in unison to examine the carving at close hand. About 18 inches high, it appeared to be a diety, more or less seated. There was a strange, Oriental-looking topknot or headdress on the long, slender head. From each side of the body at least five arms extended, ending in gesticulating hands.

* * *

THIS COULD hardly be a representation of Brahma himself. Brahma, as the student of religions knows, is the father-god of all Hindu trinities and he is always portrayed as the proud possessor of four heads.

The second member of the Brahmin trinity, Vishnu, also is seated but he never has more than four hands and is likewise multi-headed. So we must rule out Vishnu.

Siva, however, is a single-headed god, squatting, who has many arms —from four to 32.

In India where Brahminism started stories handed down from generation to generation tell us that missionaries fanned out to all parts of the world in the early days. When the ardor for the new religion was still at white heat, missionaries carried their message to all corners of the earth. Not yet at the stage of writing these intrepid explorers used local rocks for the open pages of their text books, not only for their own people to study but as beacons of mystery for races millenia to come.

The massive petroglyphic monument of basalt now decorating the ground of the Portland, Ore., City Hall was, a few years back, part of a mid-Columbia cliff and it has been identified by a reputable scholar from Pakistan as a prehistoric Buddhist baptismal stone. However, the style of this large, complicated carving is very different from those we found in the Hills area.

The ladder glyphs may have a connection with the many-armed figure. Ladders, especially amongst primitive races, symbolize the climbing upward from a state of earthiness into a "heavenly" atmosphere.

Circles in a land which apparently never knew the wheel (this is enigmatic as these far-wanderers were surely familiar with wheels in their native land) may signify the endlessness of the creator. Some of the circles enclose crosses. Crosses are commonly found the world over and have no special significance in themselves. However, they may have a special meaning when circled. This may also be true of the circles from which many lines radiate. For years, this latter design has been believed by archeologists to have represented the sun, and it is known that a group of sun-worshippers did inhabit this part of the country at one time.

While it may be assumed that some of these miniature suns did in fact represent the sun and sun-worship, it does not necessarily prove that all were imitations of the sun. It is just as simple to suppose that some, by adherents of an ancient Hindu religion, were meant to be prayer wheels.

By this same token, the series of dots and round objects cut into the basalt in many places on Columbia River cliffs may be symbols of Hindu prayer beads. Both the wheel and beads were used by Asiatics before formal writing was invented.

The petroglyphs in this group are undoubtedly of great age since the basalt upon which the unknown race left their markings also contains clear impressions left by the last glacial age, and it must have been old then.

The mid-Columbia region often has been said to be poor in archeological treasures, peopled only by lazy savages and only at a time long after the last glacial age. But various calculations have led me to believe that the glyphs we studied in the Goodnough Hills area are in the neighborhood of 170 centuries old.

To add to the mystery some miles west of these petroglyphs a peculiarly-shaped arrowhead of non-volcanic rock was discovered by an amateur geologist. It is a Folsom point and has been identified positively as belonging to elephant hunters of 14,000 years ago.

The petroglyphs were adequate compensation for our very real disappointment in not finding the cave we had so eagerly sought.

◆

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AFTER a vivid dream that he won a weekly numbers lottery, Giovanni Calamai, a barber in a village near Florence, Italy, invested in a dozen tickets at 50 lire (eight cents) each. One of the tickets won 67,000,000 lire ($107,000).

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STRANGE JOURNEY

By Ruth K. Hall

I WAS NOT apprehensive when I entered the hospital in El Paso, Tex., in 1936 for a simple appendectomy. My general health was good, and I had complete confidence in my doctor. My husband and I had prepared our two small daughters for my short absence from home, and they were fond of the middle-aged "mother's helper" who had come to live in for a time.

The operation was routine and on the third day my special nurse was dismissed. "You'll be home this time next week, up and about," Doctor Brown assured me.

That evening, however, I was seized with intense pains which became worse as the night wore on. The floor nurse at last called the doctor who arrived in a short time. But before he could make an examination, I suddenly suffered a severe hemmorhage from the incision which had broken open beneath the bandages. I experienced a moment of blessed relief as the pain subsided; then I lapsed into unconsciousness.

I found myself in a strange place, a land of indescribable beauty, unlike any place I had ever known. It was a land of green meadows and blossoming trees; the air was softly sweet and fragrant, and diffused with a rosy glow. All about me was the most glorious music—muted, rapturous harmony. I felt supremely happy, exalted, complete.

Then I saw a stream of swiftly flowing water, a crystal-clear, beautiful stream, beyond which lay a bare rocky plot of ground. My husband stood there, holding each child by the hand.

RUTH K. HALL

"Wait!" they called. "We're coming over with you!"

I cried out to them to stop. Somehow I knew that only *I* could make the perilous crossing, they must not attempt it. I felt a deep sadness at leaving this wonderful place but I hastened to cross over to join my dear ones.

Early next morning I awoke in my hospital room. "You gave us a scare but you're all right now, thank Heaven," my husband told me.

Later I learned that Richard had been called suddenly in the night and told that my condition was critical because of shock and loss of blood.

Years have passed but I still can see that strange, wonderful, beautiful place as clearly as I did that night.

Where was I?

I do not know.—*Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

THE "WALKING" CANE

By Harold C. Lewis

IT IS NOT unusual for a man to walk with a cane; but did you ever know of a cane that walked by itself? My uncle Oscar's cane did, and nearly scared my wife, Violet, and me out of our wits!

My uncle, Oscar McGowan, had been very proud of his cane. It was of some hard wood, and looked like it had been cut from a small tree with branches carelessly lopped off, leaving a series of protruding knots. Uncle Oscar was always showing it to some friend and asking him to guess what kind of tree it was cut from. Then he would explain that the bumps were not really knots. A friend had painstakingly carved it from a solid piece of wood years ago.

Because my uncle was partially crippled, the cane had been his constant companion for half a century. Perhaps that is what made it act the way it did the night he died.

We were playing cards in the living room one evening in the summer of 1932 when Uncle Oscar suddenly laid down his hand and complained of being dizzy. In a few seconds he became unconscious, and in half an hour he had passed away.

The doctor and the undertaker had come and gone and my wife and I had retired for the night when the cane began "acting up". We first heard it tapping on the floors and walls of the living room just beneath our bedroom. It made so much noise we couldn't sleep, but we were too scared to investigate. Finally we got up enough courage to go downstairs, but by that time the room was quiet. However, the cane, which had been left in the closet, was lying in the middle of the floor.

When we went to bed the next night, we made sure that the cane was put away in the closet. Again we were unable to sleep because of the mysterious rappings. Again we investigated and found the cane lying out in the room.

All this happened while Violet and I and Larry, aged seven and asleep, were the only persons in the house. All doors and windows were securely fastened.

The next day my uncle's possessions, including the cane, were removed from the house, and the tappings ceased.

I can offer no explanation for this, but perhaps it was because my uncle was an ardent spiritualist and never missed one of their meetings. —*Battle Creek, Mich.*

GHOST OF PINEY CREEK

By Gene Spinks

JUST five or six miles from the little Kentucky town of Marion where I was born and raised, is a rural settlement called Piney Creek. It is a pretty little community nestled in a green valley, guarded by tall, wooded hills.

On one of the wooded hills there used to be parts of an old stone foundation, all that remained of a red brick mansion. In the rear stood remnants of a brick garden wall, and down the path were portions of an old brick stable that once had housed thoroughbred race horses.

Long before my time the house and stables had been torn down. The place was deserted and had been labelled "haunted."

This place had a tragic history: A very wealthy, middle-aged landowner fell madly in love with a young woman and for her he built the mansion, the finest in the whole countryside. On their honeymoon trip abroad the young bride became infatuated with one of her admirers. It seemed she had many. This admirer followed her back to the States and one evening when her husband returned home from a business trip to Louisville he found his beautiful, young wife in the arms of her lover. He was so enraged that he shot them both. He was cleared by the unwritten law. Afterwards, he had the house and stables torn down and he moved to another state, leaving the property to a relative.

I remember when I was 15 years old six of my girl friends and I went out to this place that was called haunted. It was July fourth, 1913 or 1914, hot and sunny. We took our lunches and rode horseback. We were going to see if the place really was haunted.

We rode up part of the hill, then tied our horses to a tree and climbed the rest of the way. When we reached the top of the hill, the place where the house had stood, it looked dark and cool—and desolate. Yet, as we looked out over the valley we could see the sun was still shining brightly.

We walked over to the spring that had been walled up like a well. We took our paper cups and started to get a drink, when suddenly a sharp, angry wind whistled through the trees. We felt a gust of cold air encircle us. We had intended to eat our lunch at the spring but the place seemed so eerie that we decided not to. We walked hurriedly toward a clearing.

Something made us turn and look behind us. A woman dressed in a gray, vaporous dress floated toward us. She must have been about 50 feet behind us.

I am sorry to say we ran down the hill as fast as we could and got on our horses. When we had ridden to the main road we stopped and looked up. The gray spectre was standing at the edge of the hill, looking down at us. She stood there for a brief second, then she was gone. All of us, Linda Jenkins, Anna Cox, Katherine Wright, Katherine Reed, Anise Boston, Mildred Summerville, and I saw her.

When we reported this incident at the village store, it seemed that

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almost everyone had seen the ghost at one time or another. They told us that some persons had seen the ghost of her lover also. We saw enough to convince us that there are earthbound spirits that still cling to their surroundings.—*Loma Linda, Calif.*

FATHER'S WILL

By Ona Lacy Hunter

WHEN MY FATHER, John Bradley, died suddenly on January 9, 1916, from a heart attack my husband and I were living on the adjoining farm, near Ruthilda, Sask., Canada. It was very cold and the ground was frozen as hard as cement. There was no mortuary near, nor any undertaker closer than 40 miles. So we had to keep Father's body in the living room of the house until a grave could be dug. It took three days, working in the bitter cold. During this time my mother and brother stayed with us, as their house had to be freezing cold to preserve Father's body.

My mother had a lot of canned fruit and winter vegetables stored in the basement, where a fire in a small stove kept the stuff from freezing. This fire had to be replenished each day. I went over there to do it on the first day.

As I descended the steps to the basement I felt my father's presence going along with me as strongly as if he were there in the flesh. I had an intuition that he was trying to tell me something. Then, as the feeling grew, I was impressed with these words: "Don't you come tomorrow. Send your brother."

The sense of Father's presence

and his message filled me with a strange fear. After replenishing the fire I hurried up the steps and out of the house.

The next day I told my brother, Grover, I wasn't feeling well and that he would have to go over to see about the fire. But I told no one about my strange experience.

When Grover came back he was pale and shaken. He told us how he had plainly felt his father's presence and how he had been directed to go to a small box hidden behind some old fruit jars in the basement. In this box he had found Father's will.

None of us had known about the will. In it Father left the farm to my brother, with the provision that he make it his home and keep my mother as long as she lived.

My brother was so worked up over all this he would not go back to their house on the third day.

I went.

This time I had none of the consciousness of my father's presence as on that first day. On my way out I went into the living room and looked down at the peaceful face in the casket. I thought, Father's spirit accomplished its mission and has gone on.—*Springfield, Mo.*

THE CAT AND THE CANVAS

By Luretta Wright

UNTIL MY HUSBAND died early in 1954 he used to chase our pet cat very firmly from my needlepoint work. I laughed at the cat's persistent preference for the current piece of needlepoint. But Calvert said that since needlepoint colors are so delicate they should not be exposed to the cat's possibly

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dirty paws and shedding hair.

After my husband's death I wished to make a needlepoint chair seat for a neighbor who had been especially kind to me at the time of my great loss. As we spread out several designs with the appropriate wools on the floor along come Kicklepuss prepared to sit down, as usual, right on top of one of the designs.

Suddenly his fur bristled, he growled, looked around him with fright and ran off the canvasses to sit down on a rug at a short distance to continue to watch the canvas with obvious fright.

Professor and Mrs. Corless R. Kinney of State College, Pennsylvania, the neighbors, and my daughter, Mary Lou, could not have done or said anything to influence the cat because we all were silently fascinated by his strange behavior.

The next day as I was putting the designs and work back into a chest in a closet Kicklepuss came into the closet to sniff at the canvesses. His reaction was the same as the night before. He growled, bristled and ran out quickly to sit down in the main room watching.

I felt pretty sure that my thoughtful husband still was chasing the cat from the needlepoint, but to make certain I placed Kicklepuss on top of the chest in the closet on a blanket, not needlepoint, where he settled down very peacefully to sleep. There was nothing in the closet to scare him, apparently, if he stayed off the needlepoint.

—Tucson, Ariz.

WHAT IS DEATH?

By Wilma Heath

MARIE RAM lived next door to us in Youngstown, O. She

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Harry Arons is Editor of HYPNOSIS Quarterly and author of MASTER COURSE IN HYPNOTISM, TECHNIQUES OF SPEED HYPNOSIS and TRAINING CENTER and founder numerous magazine articles. He is Director of the ETHICAL HYPNOSIS and National Executive Secretary of the Association to Advance Ethical Hypnosis. He is also the original Chairman of the Guidance Clinic for Retarded Children, Essex County, New Jersery.

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was a pretty, lively girl, about 19 years old.

Marie had problems and often came next door to talk them over with my mother. She was in love with a man 15 or 20 years older than she who was not of the same religion. Her parents refused to give her their permission to marry, so one night she eloped.

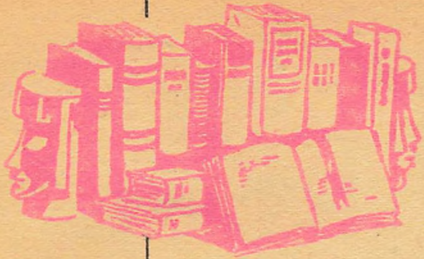
A few weeks after Marie's elopement, in June of 1924, a terrible storm hit Youngstown. The sky was continuously bright with lightning flashes. The bolts seemed to flash in all directions, incessantly. A few minutes before the rain started mother and I walked about half a block up Market Street to a fruit store. While we were there the sky opened up and rain fell as I never saw it fall before. Market Street, before us, looked like a river rather than a street.

The door of the fruit store was open and as Mother and I stood there, back away from the splattering rain, we heard laughter and saw Marie walk past the store. She looked at us and waved, laughed and disappeared from our view.

Mother said, "Why, look! There's Marie out in this awful storm. Why doesn't she come inside?"

The next day Mrs. Ram came to our door crying. She had a telegram in her hand that stated Marie had been fatally injured, and had died shortly after a restaurant where she and her new husband were eating had been demolished by a tornado. Marie had been dying in Lorain, O., miles away, at the time Mother and I saw her on Market Street in the storm.—*Cleveland, O.*

* * *



NEW BOOKS

A GHOST HUNTER'S GAMEBOOK, by James Wentworth Day. Frederick Muller Ltd., London. 222 pages, $4.50.

For centuries the British Isles—probably more than any other country—have been known as a scene of ghosts, hobgoblins, sea serpents and leprechauns. Perhaps for this reason England particularly has abounded in ghost "experts" and ghost hunters.

Ghost Hunter's Gamebook, authored by an Englishman, obviously was intended for his ghost-conscious countrymen, rather than for a "show-me" American audience. Typical of many English authors, Day makes a valiant effort to paint mysterious pictures of untamed spirits that insist on haunting divers castles and ruins rather than to present a cautious, well-documented, account of such unexplained phenomena. With the exception of perhaps two or three stories of the 17-odd that make up the volume, his journey into the realm of ghosts bogs down in English conventionalisms, medieval history and talkativeness, all of little relevance.

Too often an account will end leaving the reader with the feeling that there was much more information that had not been researched. Most of the stories are based on anonymous hearsay—the author's hardly scientific excuse for not naming sources: "I will not give their names as they may still be alive." Some interesting accounts of old documents (which accounts probably could be found elsewhere in more captivating form) are given on occasion, but even these lack the ring of authenticity that commands serious consideration. By far the majority of the cases given are historical ghosts, as if few ever bother to appear in present-day merry old England.

Of possible interest and importance to the serious researcher is the recounting of an hours-long apparition, seen in 1641, of a spectral army doing battle in the sky. Historical records quoted relate how, on several nights, reliable persons had witnessed the battle as seen against the clouds. Described as the "best-attested story of a ghostly battle," the apparition brought about such comments (in 1641) as, "Some of those present doubted if God was in His Heaven that night."

Though Mr. Day has the alleged reputation of being "the greatest living authority on ghost-stories,"

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one may doubt with some justification, after reading the book, if he can be ranked close to such scholars as his countryman, Dr. S. G. Soal, or America's Dr. J. B. Rhine.—*Charles B. Harnett.*

THE SACRED MUSHROOM, by Andrija Puharich, M. D. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y. 262 pages, $4.50.

Dr. Puharich here makes two significant contributions to parapsychology. In 1948 he developed, at his Round Table Foundation, Glen Cove, Me., a possibly major tool in psi research, a Faraday Cage "copper enclosure, whose walls prevent electromagnetic waves passing (radio named as example—WJB) to the inside."

In Appendix I, he says: "Research of the past five years has shown that (in the cage) . . . many sensitives demonstrate an increase in accuracy and in the amount of intelligence collected by means of telepathy over that found under normal room conditions." M.I.T. and the Psychic Research Society sent committees who witnessed "a telepathic experiment at the Laboratory" (p. 213). "Peter Hurkos and Harry Stone achieved an ESP test score of 18/50 hits," under conditions where odds of such by chance were "4 times in a million experiments."

The bulk of the book, apart from the Appendix quoted, outlines vividly (1) the "cartouche experiments" with Stone, (2) ESP experiments based on consuming (in minute dosage) the deadly "sacred mushroom."

Puharich relates that "the moment the gold cartouche touched his (Stone's) hand, he felt as though an electric shock had gone all through his body; he remembered nothing until he woke up"—after much trance-speaking in ancient Egyptian (whereof he consciously knew nothing), and writing a connected discourse in hieroglyphics, later authenticated by Egyptologists. The first such trance was unplanned; Puharich, using Stone as subject continued the experiments for over a year. The Faraday Cage was not used; hence this is not mentioned in the forepart of the book.

Translated, the hieroglyphs urged the finding and use of the "sacred mushroom," *amanita muscaria* (lit., "fly-killing mushroom," it being lethal to flies). The two Egyptian uses of *amanita muscaria* were said to be ritualistic and anaesthetic (separately). By trance disclosures, Dr. Puharich was guided to find *amanita* growing near his Maine home (he is now a New Yorker), and to employ the "beautiful golden mushroom" in his further experiments.

The subsequent experiments, with both Stone and Hurkos (some in the presence of Aldous Huxley) showed that *amanita muscaria*, as a "psychochemical drug," may have the "effect on genuine sensitives, of increasing their powers of extrasensory perception."

With Hurkos, entranced by the drug, psychometry was intensified; handed a sealed envelope containing hieroglyphs which Stone had some time before written, he described, as if present, scenes of ancient Egypt, saying he saw "a hand from the sky pointing into a pyramid," warning not to enter.

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amanita, regressed to the role of an Egyptian of centuries ago. He, as "the Ra Ho Tep personality, became ecstatic over it," when handed the mushroom in trance. "He applied the mushroom on tongue and top of head, in ritualistic fashion." Puharich did considerable historical research, establishing (p. 147) that Ra Ho Tep, Pharaoh of Egypt, "was buried close to the pyramid."

Space forbids further "mushroom sampling" of this sparkling yet challenging narrative. It is a must for all interested in ESP, whether as reader or researcher.—*W. Jerome Beaumont.*

THE REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS (Enlarged (Edition), by Edward J. Ruppelt. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1960. 277 pages, $3.95.

When the first edition of *The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects* appeared in 1956, it commanded such respect and attention that this reviewer devoted a whole article in FATE to its publication. The widely publicized "Brand New, Enlarged Edition" is now with us, and it's going to raise many an eyebrow.

Edward J. Ruppelt's comprehensive book was widely heralded when it first appeared because it was the first about the Air Force's UFO investigation—its top secret reports, policies, censorship, etc.—by no less a personage than the former Chief of Project Blue Book. It unveiled a mysterious aspect of UFO research, and its quantity of authenticated, almost unbelievable UFO reports from Air Force files made many confirmed skeptics take a revised look at the UFO.

But the new, enlarged edition has added little to the problem except to confuse the reader as to what the inscrutable Mr. Ruppelt *really* does think about UFO's.

Three new chapters bave been added to *The Report on UFO's*. The first "And They're Still Flying," rehashes some of the sightings which have occurred in the four years since Ruppelt penned his first edition. "Off They Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder," the second new chapter, is devoted to the contact claims of Adamski, Bethurum, Fry, et alia. The final chapter, "Do They or Don't They?," is the most revealing.

"I'm positive they don't," Ruppelt declares for the first time. "Since I left the Air Force the Age of the Satellite has arrived and we're in it. Along with this new era came the long range radars, the satellite tracking cameras, and other instruments that would have picked up any type of 'spaceship' coming into our atmosphere. None of this instrumentation has even given any indication of any type of unknown vehicle entering the earth's atmosphere."

And Ruppelt disparages: "There's not even a glimmer of hope for the UFO." Four years ago he concluded his first edition with these words: "Maybe the earth is being visited by interplanetary space ships. Only time will tell."

However, Ruppelt's book should indirectly improve the quality of objective civilian research. It will be, or *should* be, sobering to many of the less stable and somewhat wild-eyed UFO proponents, for Ruppelt points out that there is just no such thing as a reliable observer or reliable radar.

One excellent example cited by Ruppelt involved the time a group

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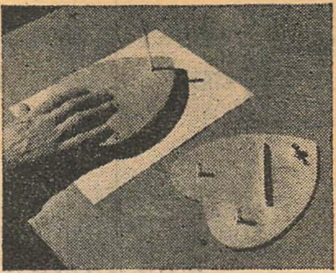

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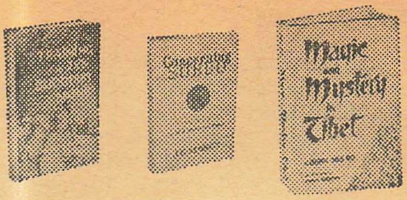
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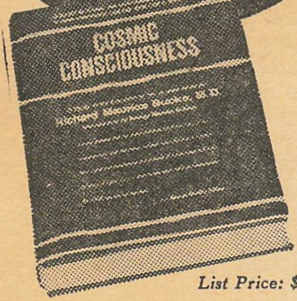

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of experienced Air Force pilots and two Ph.D. psychologists (who were gathering material for a paper on the psychological aspects of UFO sightings) became almost hysterical when they believed three high-flying weather balloons were space ships over Dayton, Ohio.

Ruppelt also reveals—for the first time—just what the famed "Lubbock lights" were: "moths." But why the dust-jacket of his book retains a photograph of the objects—showing them to be absolutely circular and flying in a perfect formation in seeming contradiction to the author's statement—is beyond this reviewer's comprehension.

Many UFO fans may not forgive Ruppelt for his vicious and largely unwarranted attack upon NICAP and its Director, his long-time friend Donald Keyhoe. As in other sections of his book, Ruppelt here merely recites past and extends current Air Force policy and statements—the same gobbledegook that he so violently condemned four short years ago. Author Ruppelt must be aware—perhaps he is too aware—that the Air Force "disclaimed" his first book for its purported factual inaccuracy.

"No responsible scientist will argue with the fact that other solar systems may be inhabited and that some day we may meet those people," Ruppelt concludes. "But it hasn't happened yet and until that day comes we're stuck with our Space Age Myth—the UFO."—*Max B. Miller.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

SMALL BLACK DISC

According to newspaper reports received in Britain, the American people believe more readily in the existence of flying saucers than we ourselves do. For many years I was skeptical of such reports, but last year, while on summer vacation at the Firth of Clyde holiday town of Girvan in Scotland, I witnessed an event which, although it has not completely removed my doubts, has done much to make me admit the possible presence of flying saucers in our atmosphere.

It is my habit while on holiday to go for a stroll along the promenade in the evening to observe the sun setting behind the Awan Hills. One particular evening at about 9:30 I saw a small group of people standing and gazing at the sky. The object of their attention was a small black disc hovering in the sky beyond the island known as the Ailsa Craig. It hovered over this spot for a considerable length of time before moving westward for a distance where it once more stopped and hovered.

By now most of the people who had been watching this object moved off, having lost interest, but I kept watching and was rewarded by seeing what I can describe only as a mass of incandescent material jettisoned from the machine into the sea. The "dropping" continued for

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about 20 seconds, then the object shot off with ever-increasing speed over the Atlantic Ocean and was out of sight in a matter of seconds.

I am not claiming to have seen a flying saucer, but it definitely was a machine the like of which I had never seen before, nor have I seen the like since.—*Jas. Graham, Baillieston, Lanarkshire, Scotland*

BIG ORANGE "BALL"

The articles in FATE often remind me of a phenomenon witnessed by a trolley car full of people, including myself, on a sultry day in July, 1916. I boarded the trolley in Erie, Pa., for Westfield, N. Y., about 30 miles away.

There was not a breeze stirring, nor a cloud in the sky at the time, but minutes after the car started one of the most violent electrical storms I ever experienced struck with a deluge of rain and a high wind. It was of short duration and immediately after the storm passed, we were at a point where our track paralleled the General Electric track on which electric locomotives were tested.

About 40 feet therefrom the motorman stopped the trolley, apparently so that we all might view the phenomenon which had attracted his attention. A large ball (about four feet in diameter, I believe) was hovering right over the General Electric test track. It was orange in color, sparks were flying from it, and it looked like a ball of molten metal which would weigh several tons, but evidently was weightless.

It continued to hover between the track below and the power wire above, moving slowly up and down. We all held our breath, expecting it to burst against either the wire or the track, but it touched neither while we were there—probably over a minute.

Another significant thing is this: I did not notice if there was a breeze, but surely the violent wind of the departing storm would not leave a calm in its wake. There surely was a breeze, and you would expect that weightless object to be wafted away like a soap bubble, but the wind had no more effect on it than on a light beam.

It was definitely not a "flying saucer," although many people today would report it as such. It must have been generated by the storm, or the storm was responsible for its presence.—*William Harrison, Wellsville, N. Y.*

A "COOKED-UP EXPLANATION"

The following may be of interest to you in line with your "I See By the Papers" column which we so much enjoy, along with the rest of your fine magazine.

As my husband turned on his bedside radio, a very interesting report came through from Yuma, Ariz. It apparently was being telephoned from Yuma to Phoenix, and was suddenly cut off when the power went dead in Yuma. Mr. Gaskill jotted down what he got so that I might send it to you. Nothing appeared in the paper on the 11th, and on the 12th a tiny cooked-up "explanation" was tucked in a corner of a back page. I give you both herewith:

Mr. Gaskill's note: "January 11, about 1:30 A.M.— from Yuma. "In the southwest sky there suddenly appeared a great white light that lighted up the ground as bright as a midsummer day, and at the center was a large object which kept flashing off

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and on—bright green lights. This was followed by bright white lights, turning green. Then the air was filled with a fall-out of small red balls of fire with trailing sparks, followed by a huge red ball of fire which blew back into the air as a huge flame. Then all the switchboards went dead and the power was shut off at the substation with the blowing up of all equipment. Large greenish-white sparks flew into the air in all directions. Accompanying these phenomena was a roar such as a huge fire might make."

The newspaper report: January 12—"Yuma (AP). A power substation was severely damaged yesterday by a pre-dawn fire which lighted Yuma like mid-day. Arizona Public Service Company, which owns the plant, estimated the damage at more than $100,000. No one was injured, and the cause of the fire was not immediately determined.

"Residents of the area on the southwest edge of the city were awakened by loud crackling sounds and reported that electrical sparks shooting spectacularly through the air made it 'like mid-day in August.' Witnesses said the fireworks display increased in intensity when flames reached an oil filled unit. Then, they said, a huge red flame shot hundreds of feet into the air. Some sections of Yuma were without power for a short time until emergency arrangements could be made. Arizona Public Service said new equipment was being brought to Yuma to restore full operation of the substation as quickly as possible."

Typical cover-up, isn't it? But it all helps to open the eyes of those who want to see . . . and to KNOW. Thanks for the wonderful help you are giving in this direction.—*Mera Gaskill, Phoenix, Ariz.*

IN DEFENSE OF MARGERY

I trust that you may find space in FATE for a brief reply to the prejudiced article "Margery Was A Fraud." by Alson J. Smith. A detailed reply would not be difficult, but would involve considerable reference, study and space. This is because the literature on the "Margery" mediumship is now quite extensive, and vituperative attacks, spread over many years and many periodicals, have piled high upon the devoted heads of Dr. Crandon and his splendid wife.

For those who wish relief from the statement that "Prof. Grant H. Code practically blew the Margery mediumship out of the Water" it will be refreshing to read the pamphlet *Margery Harvard Veritas, A Study in Psychics*, by Mark W. Richardson, Charles W. Hill, Alfred W. Martin, S. Ralph Harlow, Joseph DeWyckoff and L. R. G. Crandon. In this book, dear reader, you will find that it distinctly was not Margery and her defenders who were blown out of the water, but the wonderful Harvard Committee which Smith says, "delivered the coup-de-grace."

Mr. Smith does not tell his readers that Margery, while sitting in Houdini's box, asked that the box be examined, and that Houdini replied, "Oh, no, that is not necessary." Nor that Houdini, after having imprisoned Margery in a box of his own construction, out of which only her head and arms protruded, felt up along her left arm until it entered the box. Why? Did he himself put the ruler in the box at that moment? At

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this moment "Walter," the control, accused Houdini of planting the ruler, which upon examination was found!

I must note that Mr. Smith carefully dodges the "hot potato" of the work of Brackett K. Thorogood, a technician from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I call his attention to the sitting held by him with Margery on February, 23, 1932. For full accounts see *Proceedings*, A.S.P.R., 1926-1927, Vol. 3, and *Banner of Life*, August, 1932, Vol. 23.

The 227-page volume mentioned, which is entirely given to a study of the Margery-Walter fingerprints, settles the veridicality of the fingerprint matter. For instance, on page 114 and in Figure 103, three drawings show that the Walter prints were not made by Margery's dentist. They were quite different. Plate 104 presents microphotographs showing the dermal-histological differences.

Smith's own account of the testimony of both Price and Rhine is enough to prove that neither of these men had enough contact with the seances to make more than the most casual study. The arguments of both show nothing more than suspicion. While I have respect for Dr. Rhine's competency and integrity, in such reading and study as I have given to psychic phenomena for 46 years, I cannot see that he is an authority upon ectoplasmic manifestations. His work has been devoted to ESP and PK.—*Dr. Philip S. Haley former President California Psychical Research Society, San Francisco, Calif.*

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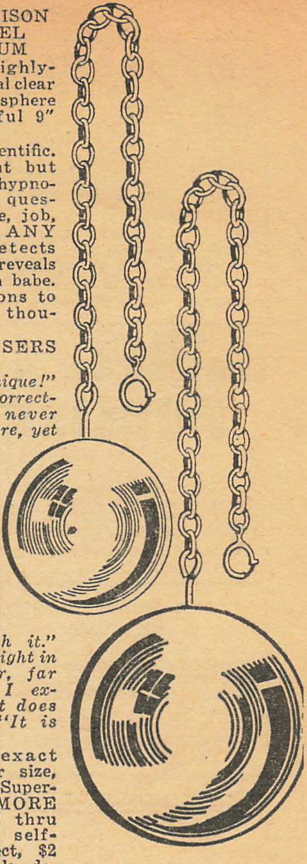

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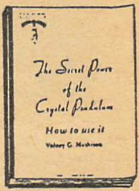
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I was involved in it personally.

About 45 years ago I was an instrument man on an engineering party engaged in making a railroad survey. One of the members of this group was an intelligent and likeable young man with two or three years of college work. In the course of one of our many conversations he told me he could read my mind to a certain extent—specifically that he could find anything I hid if I could go to it myself.

I immediately blindfolded him and took a note book to the cook tent about 100 feet away and placed it in the oven of the cook stove. When I returned to the office tent he took hold of my sleeve and led me as straight to the book as I could have gone myself.

I was of course dumbfounded and delighted, and had him repeat the performance a great many times while we were on this job. He never failed and the only condition he required was that he had to have some kind of contact with the person who knew where the object was hidden. I don't think I was leading him as a string held loosely between us was the contact.

This young man appeared to be perfectly normal as far as his work and general actions were concerned, except that he was subject to epileptic attacks. He could give no explanation for his unusual powers but said he had a brother who could do the same thing.

I was associated with him for three or four months, and then the party was disbanded and I never heard of him again.—*J. A. Noble, Amarillo, Tex.*

NICAP AND "CONTACTEES"

Your February issue contained

an article called "The Men Who Ride in Saucers." Shouldn't it have been titled "The Men Who Claim to Ride in Saucers?" Certainly there was nothing in the article to indicate that the "contactees" are anything more than a lot of talespinners.

The author referred to NICAP, the objective saucer investigating group headed by Major Keyhoe, with headquarters at 1536 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C. The impression may have been given that NICAP summarily dismisses the contact stories, without a fair hearing. May I correct any such impression? I'm not a NICAP spokesman but am speaking from the knowledge of NICAP's activities I have gained as a member.

Recognizing that the contact claims are a part of the saucer scene. especially in the public's mind, NICAP instituted a continuing investigation of such claims. This investigation is separate and distinct from NICAP's research into the other questions about UFO's: their nature, origin, etc.

Questionnaires were submitted to the better known "contactees." They were invited to submit proof of their experiences, with the promise that NICAP would publicize any case which could be backed up with proof. Many replied but no proof materialized.

On the other hand, NICAP members have uncovered evidence discrediting a contact claim of George Adamski, the granddaddy of the contactees. Adamski told of being given a ride in a spaceship when a train on which he was traveling made an unscheduled stop. The train crew signed statements that no such stop had been made. The log

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bore this out. This is probably not the kind of "evaluation" of contact claims that Mr. Fry is urging.—*Zan Overall, North Hollywood, Calif.*

"HOGWASH! BUNK!"

I am a 17-year-old senior in high school and must admit that I am so intrigued by thoughts of the supernatural that I purchased a copy of your magazine. Now I must confess I have never read such a collection of rot in my entire life. What a bunch of hogwash! How you can get people to continue to buy your magazine and even subscribe to it is more than I'll ever know. The stories can be placed in the same category as fairy tales and Santa Claus, Spirits! Mediums! Hypnotic trances! Bunk.

Tell me, do you actually believe these stories? Because if sane (?) grown men actually believe in this rot, I hate to think of what the world is coming to.

And as for the little stories sent in by your readers—well, for five bucks I could probably make up a real cool story too, but I don't need the money that bad.

Now seriously; There are no such things as ghosts. No such thing as reincarnation. You see, I communicated with the spirit of my long-gone grandmother in a hypnotic trance just last night, and she told me so herself.

P.S. Dare you to print this.—*Miss Gerry Kolby, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

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—along with a great many "experts" — actually knows very little. —Ed.

LIGHT ON A GHOST

In perusing your issue of March, 1960, I find on page 24 an item quoted from the *London Daily Mail* that the ghost of a nurse wearing a gray uniform had appeared a number of times in a London hospital and that several patients had died after seeing this vision. You also mention that the regular uniform of a nurse is blue and white.

I see no reason for the *London Daily Mail* being surprised that the nurse should be wearing gray as this was the uniform of nurses on active duty in the South African War (Boer).

I was a kid of about 17 (am now 78) when the Boer War was being fought. I was a private in the British Army, 1st Battalion, East Lancashire Regiment, but was not overseas, spending most of the time in England and Wales. However, I was in touch by mail with several of my friends who were sent to South Africa and I remember one of them, by the name of Tom Langan, a member of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who on arriving in Capetown and disembarking from the ship wrote to me in somewhat this fashion: "As we came off the ship we fell in ranks and nurses in somber gray passed between the lines and handed out cigarettes and other comforts to the troops before we boarded a train for up-country." *—George Pickering, Horton, Kan.*

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Therefore when I read something doubtful in FATE's pages, I am always disappointed. When I do not know the subject, I dare not criticize or correct, but when I know something definitely I must put my oar in.

In the article "Playing Cards—Mystic Symbols of Ancient Egypt," published in the December issue, only the title is correct. The rest of the article is very much speculative or even erroneous.

The author describes the deck of modern playing cards as though they have not changed for 6000 years. But they certainly have—and very essentially.

The author mentions "the Great Taro" in a few words only, when this part of the Egyptian "deck" is the most important. The rest of the deck, which consisted of 56 (not 52) cards, is only assisting "tableaus" for "the Great Arcana of Taro" (22 cards). It is true that on the rest of a deck (56 cards) we find indications like dates, months, also astrological numerations, etc., but they are in close connection with the Great Taro and without it they have no meaning.

Counting the deck of 53 cards (with a Joker) the author missed one more figure-card, i.e., "Thor" or "Torh" (I do not know how to spell it). It meant "messenger" in ancient Egypt. This card was the fourth figure in the deck and was considered lower than a Queen and higher than a Jack. Later this figure became "the warrior" and still later in decks of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it became a knight on horseback. In the fifteenth century the knight was omitted from

(*Continued on page* 129)

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decks for unknown reasons.

If we admit the fact that the deck in ancient Egypt consisted of 56 cards (without the Great Taro), the author's theory about the calendar does not fit. I doubt that the Egyptians used the same calendar 6000 years ago that we do today. Even the Roman calendar was changed in the eleventh century and accepted by all the Catholic world.

The author counts an Ace as "14," the highest card in a deck, but forgot to explain that an ace was promoted only at the end of the eighteenth century during the French Revolution. Before that it was the lowest card in a deck and counted as "1". In many games even now aces retain their ancient rank.

The author's theory that the doubled figures on cards have some special significance is absolutely wrong. The doubled figures appeared in the last century (about 1830) for the convenience of players.

Original ancient Egyptian cards were never used for any kind of game. They were sacred "tableaus" used by priests for some magic purpose. I do not know the sources on which the distinguished author based his article, but my knowledge in this matter urged me to share it with him and the readers.—*N. Mamontoff, Detroit* 4, *Mich.*

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